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The Medical Muse

THE

MEDICAL MUSE

GRAVE AND GAY.

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TO CHARLES S. BRIGGS, A. M., M. D.,

PROFESSOR OF SURGERY,

Medical Department, University of Nashville.

A Teacher and a Friend,

This litttle volume is dedicated by

THE COMPILER.

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PREFACE

There is not, so far as the compiler is aware of, any collection of medical poems in the English language yet been published.

While the older poets have at various times dedicated a few sonnets to Asculapius, they are mostly what would be called today back numbers.

In making the selection for the present volume the compiler has purposely left out all such, with the single exception of "Lines to a Skull," which is a masterpiece of English literature, and in his opinion finds a place here as the gem of the collection.

The balance are, as the title indicates, both grave and gay.

As the busy practitioner has no hour of leisure, I offer the present collection to him as a solace for that time between the call of the last patient and the next ring of his door bell.

24 West 9th St.,
December, 1895.

THE

MEDICAL MUSE

GRAVE AND GAY

APPENDICITIS

The following verses first appeared in the New York World but as they were informally introduced as a part of the proceedings of the Galveston convention of Railway Surgeons, we publish them here:

Have you got the new disorder?
If you haven't, 'tis in order
To succumb to it at once, without delay;
It is called appendicitis,
Very different from gastritis,
Or the common trash diseases of the day.
It creates a happy frolic,
Something like a winter colic,
That has often jarred our inner organs some
Only wrestles with the wealthy,
And the otherwise most healthy.
Having got it, then you're nigh to kingdom come.

MEDICAL MUSE

Midway down in your intestine,
Its intertices infestin',
Is a little alley, blind and dark as night;
Leading off to simply nowhere,
Catching all stray things that go there,
As a pocket it is clearly out of sight.
It is prone to stop and grapple
With the seed of grape or apple.
Or a soldier button swallowed with your pie;
Having levied on these chattels,
Then begin eternal battles
That are apt to end in mansions in the sky.

Once located, never doubt it,
You would never be without it;
It's a fad among society that's gay;
Old heart failure and paresis
Have decamped and gone to pieces,
And dyspepsia has fallen by the way.
Then, stand back there, diabetes,
For here comes appendicitis,
With a brood of minor troubles on the wing;
So, vermiform, here's hoping
You'll withstand all drastic doping,
And earn the appelation, "Uncrowned King."

THE APPLICATION OF THE FORCEPS

'Tis midnight's hour; in the lying-in-ward
The interne sleeps as in Paradise.
"Madam calls!" shouts the nurse on guard,
And the interne wakes at the woman's cries.
He uses his digital finger long;
The neck is large, the head is below;
He hears the fetal heart's sweet song,
And says, "Come, child, to this world of woe!"

Make haste, dear babe! Your mother waits,
And her fond soul is full of hope;
Prepare to enter life's pearly gates—
Enter this land of dirt and soap.
Boy or girl? Well, never mind;
You shall view yourself in life's looking glass;
Your baby clothing is ready you'll find,
But the infant cried, "I will not pass!"

Hasten! Oh, hasten, sweet baby, not mine;
Other children are waiting this world to see.
Pop out that little bald head of thine;
Truly, it's weary waiting for thee.
Come! and gamble on feather bed;
Come! you may roll upon the grass;
Come! little baby, just show your head,
But the infant said, "I will not pass!"

Baby, make haste! The room's like ice,
I fain would cut thine umbilical cord
But frozen fingers will not feel nice;
It's enough to make one swear. Good Lord!
Why, stupid creature, do you wait?
Why thus delay me; why thus harass
Your mother, moaning in pitiable state?
"Bah!" said the infant, "I will not pass!"

Haste! make haste, you lazy young brat.
Why will'st persist in such obstination?
See all the straining your mother is at,
Put to your profit—her dilation.
Come! hurry up your sweet little cakes;
Hurry up, baby, and give us no sass;
Your mama's full of abdominal aches.
The infant said gruffly, "I will not pass!"

The interne then, transported by wrath,
Took his huge forceps boldly in hand,
Crying out, "Youngster, I'll guide your path,
And yank you into this promised land."
The head came down, but the chin held tight;
With his two fingers he seized the mass,
He pulled that baby into the light,
Crying, "Don't tell me you will not pass!"

THE FATE OF PIOUS DAN

"Run down and get the doctor, quick!"
  Cried Jack Bean with a whoop,
'Run, Dan, for mercy's sake be quick.
  Our baby's got the croup!"
But Daniel shook his solemn head,
His sanctimonious brow,
And said, "I cannot go, for I
  Must read my Bible now;
For I have regular hours to read
The Scripture for my spirits need."

Said Silas Gove to Pious Dan,
  Our neighbor, Rastus Wright,
Is very sick, will you come down
  And watch with him tonight?"
He has my sympathy, "says Dan,
"And I would sure be there,
Did I not feel an inward call
  To spend the night in prayer.
Some other man with Wright must stay,
Excuse me, while I go and pray."

"Old Briggs has fallen in the pond!"
  Cried little Bijah Brown;
Run, Pious Dan, and help him out,
  Or else he sure will drown!"

"I trust he'll swim ashore," said Dan,
"But now my soul is awed,
And I must meditate upon
The goodness of the Lord;
And nothing merely temporal ought
To interupt my holy thought."

So Daniel lived a pious life,
As Daniel understood,
but all his neighbors thought he was
Too pious to be good.
And Daniel died; and then his soul,
On wings of hope elate,
In glad expectancy flew up
To Peter's golden gate.
"Now let your gate wide open fly;
Come, hasten, Peter. Here am I"

"I'm sorry, Pious Dan," said he,
"That time will not allow,
But you must wait a space, for I
Must read my Bible now."
So Daniel waited long and long
And Peter read all day.
"Now, Peter, let me in," he cried.
Said Peter, "I must pray;
And no mean temporal affairs
Must ever interrupt my prayers.

Then Satan who was pasing by,
  Saw Dan's poor shivering form
And said, "My man, it's cold out here,
  Come down where it is warm."
The angel baby of Jack Bean,
  The angel "Rastus Wright,
And old Briggs, a white angel, too,
  All chuckled with delight;
And Satan said, "Come, Pious Dan,
For you are just my style of man."

NATURE VS. MAN'S ADULTERATION

Placid I am, content, serene,
  I take my slab of gypsum bread
And chunks of oleomargarine
  Upon its tasteless side I spread.
The egg I eat was never laid
  By any cackling feathered hen,
But from the Lord knows what 'tis made
  In Newark by unfeathered men.
I wash my simple breakfast down
  With favorite chicory so cheap,
Or for the best black tea in town
  Dried willow leaves I calmly steep.
And if from man's wild art I flee
  And drink pure water from the pump,

I gulp down infuseriae,
And quarts of raw bacteriae.
And hidious rotatoriae,
And wriggling pologastricae,
And slimy diatomacae,
And hard-shelled ophyecercinae,
And double-barrelled holpodae,
And various animalculae,
Of middle, high and low degree,
For nature beats all man's creation
In multiplied adulteration.

THE PATENT MEDICINE ALMANAC

O Patent Medicine Almanac!
I was a towering giant,
With a wealth of health and vim of limb
To ills and pills defiant;
But now I have the phthisic,
And take every kind of physic,
Have a touch of sharp bronchitis,
And a raging tonsilitis,
And I feel the awful twinges cerebro spinal meningitis.
O Patent Medicine Almanac!
I read thy fearful pages
With tears and fears, and moans, and groans.

And shakes and aches of ages;
And now I have the vertigo,
And tumbling in the dirt I go;
Have a general blood corruption,
Loss of vigor, lack of gumption,
And I feel that I am traveling down the last stage
of consumption.

EVENING UP—A CONTRAST

HOMOEOPATHIC SOUP

Take a robin's leg.
Mind, the drumstick merely,
Put it in a tub,
Fill with water nearly;
Set it out of doors,
In a place that's shady,
Let it stand a week;
Three days, if for a lady;
Drop a spoonful of it
In a five-quart kettle
Which may be made of tin,
Or any baser metal;
Fill the kettle up,
Set it on a boiling,
Skim the liquor well,
To prevent it oiling;

One atom add of salt,
For the thick'ning one rice kernel,
And use to light the fire
The Homoepathic Journal.
Let the liquor boil
Half an hour—no longer;
If ' tis for a man,
Of course you'll make it stronger.
Should you now desire
That the soup be flavoury,
Stir it once around
With a stalk of savory.
When a broth is made,
Nothing can excel it.
Then three times a day
Let the patient smell it.
If he chance to die,
Say 'twas nature did it;
If he chance to live,
Give the soup the credit.

—Edinburgh Med. Review.

ALLOPATHIC SCIENCE.

Take an eight-ounce bottle,
Bound up well with brass;
For it would be risky
Trusting just the glass;

Put in now the medicines,
By the ancient rule,
Which our rude forefathers
Used to learn at school.
Several drugs will answer
Just as well as one;
Never mind their actions,
Chuck them in for fun:
Sixty-eight's the limit—
Nearly half a gross;
Warburg's tincture boasts that
One-half ounce's a dose;
Color now to suit you
Use aroma's aid,
Fill them up with water,
And the mixture's made.
Cork it up securely,
Label and direct—
So much taken hourly
For the full effect.
Highly scientific
Is our treatment too;
As I'll show to you.
Many shot will scatter,
So the gunners say—
Some should strike the target,
Let some go astray;
Pray no hurt may follow
From the wasted grains,

Though (aside) 'tis usual
That some harm obtains.
The patient may get better (?)
The drugs will then be blest;
But when he kicks the bucket,
Just say you've done your best.

—Hahnemannian Monthly.

ECLECTIC RECONCILIATION.

But why not be Eclectic?
And choose from either column,
A robin's leg is good,
And so's an empty bottle.
We'd mix the robin's leg
With his orchitic sachet,
And thus the Homoeopathic soup
Would work the Allopathic racket
If we're allowed to fill the kettle up,
And set it on a biling,
We'll mix it with a pinch of salt and pepper
And set the Hahnemaniacs a riling.
Then a reconcilliation we would make
Between these diverse factions,
By letting the patient take a smell
And use the rest by injection.
If the patient then pulls through
We would get the credit.
And if he dies, we know not where

He's gone—to Allos' or Homos' heaven.
As to the drugs of several,
Combined by ancient rule,
If one shot will hit the spot,
It makes the double shot a fool,
If, when used, the single shot
Is aimed at duck and plover,
It may not be as effectual
As the one that kicks the owner over.
Why not then reconcile the two,
By the doctrine which is pacific;
Choose the drugs from both you know,
In harmony with the rule specific;
Then if the patient better gets,
Your pills will get the credit;
Or if he dies, the laws of rest
Have fixed his eternal debit.

—American Med. Jour.

PHYSIOLOGICAL PROCESSES AMONG THE POETS

Some years since, David Barker, a distinguished poet, after the birth of his first child, wrote and published the pretty poem:

One night as old St. Peter slept,
He left the door of Heaven ajar.
When through a little angel crept,
And came down with a falling star.

One summer, as the blessed beams
  Of morn approached, my blushing bride
Awakened from some pleasing dreams,
  And found that angel by her side.

God grant but this—I ask no more—
  That when he leaves this world of pain,
He'll wing his way to that bright shore,
  And find the road to heaven again.

John G. Saxe, deeming that injustice had been done St. Peter, wrote the following as St. Peter's reply:

Full eighteen hundred years or more
  I've kept my gates securely fast;
There has no "little angel" strayed
  Nor recreant through the portal passed.

I did not sleep as you supposed,
  Nor left the door of Heaven ajar;
Nor has a "little angel" left
  And gone down with a falling star.

Now ask that blushing bride and see
  If she don't frankly own, and say,
That when she found that little babe
  She found it in the good old way!

God grant but this—I ask no more—
  That should your number still enlarge,
You will not do as done before,
  And lay it to old Peter's charge.

To settle the despute, Judge J. W. Starr wrote the following:

I read of Dave Barker's babe,
And Heaven's door ajar,
And how it came from glory land
Down with a falling star.

'Tis said St. Peter gave the babe;
Saxe doubts the bold assertion,
And calls upon the blushing bride,
To make a different version.

'Twixt David Barker and his bride
This is a sacred cause;
They know just how the baby came;
It came by natural laws.

Saxe writes of lovely summer morn;
He writes of other things;
He writes about the good old way
New life within him springs.

God grant but this—I ask no more—
May father, son and bride
Join St. Peter in the end,
And John G. Saxe beside.

—N. C. Med. Jour.

MR. BEATTY AND DR. PHELAN

Mr. Beatty lives in Brooklyn, Dr. Phelan lives there, too,
And the harmony between them was beautiful to view.
When the Doctor wrote a recipe it was on a Beatty pad,
And hence arose this tragedy, whose ending is so sad.
He went out driving on the Fourth, to celebrate the day;
He chanced upon a camera fiend, and in his playful way
He busted up the camera, and, being asked to pay,
Took out, alas! his Beatty pad, and, tearing out a sheet,
He told the man to call on him at nine and thirtieth street.
It somehow chanced the Doctor's name (this was, indeed, too bad)
Was not a portion of the sheet, but was left upon the pad
The injured pupil of Daguerre then called at Beatty's store,
And failing to get Phelan's cash, he wanted Beatty's gore.
The rumpus somehow got in print, and harmony took flight,
And when they pass each other now they both look black as night.
Mr. Beatty lives in Brooklyn, Dr. Phelan lives there, too,
But the enmity between them is painful to view.

—Exchange.

THE DOCTOR'S WOOING

'Tis said a very young M. D.
Once loved a maiden fair to see,
And thus this doctor, very young,
The lovely maiden's praises sung:

"How enchanting is thine azure iris,
Shining 'gainst the white scleroid;
Gracefully attached the tendon
Of thy sterno-cleido-mastoid.

Capiliary hyperaemia—
Of its tints the name is legion,
So pellucid is thy epidermis
In the oro-buccal region.

Of its glorious tints the sunset's
But a feeble imitator;
Oh, my darling, do but let me
Osculate your buccinator.

Than thy oral epithelium
Naught this side of Heaven is sweeter;
Graceful are the sinuous outlines
Of thy beautiful masseter.

Then thy zygomaticus major
  Gives me joy almost divine
Whene'er it and thy risorius
  In active league combine.

Empty is my pericardium,
  Of its tenant thou bereft it;
Auricle and ventricle
  And aota's base have left it.

Yet I wish not to regain them;
  Nor wish have I but that you
Will take also my peritoneum,
  And my encephalon, too.

Give me but thy sweet phalanges,
  Thy metacarpals press to mine,
My cerebrum, cerebullum,
  May they e'er be slave to thine.

Precious darling, come auscult me,
  Thy concha 'gainst my thorax pressed,
On my blest manubrium ever
  May thou precious cranium rest."

The doctor ne'er has ceased to wonder
Why she bade him go to thunder.

—A. E. Orr.

OSCULO THERAPEUTICS

Tell me not in scientific
  Pages, such a tale as this,
That diseases most terrific
  Gain diffusion by a kiss.

Kissing's real, ah, kising's earnest,
  Though the vile bacillus lurk
In the kiss that thou returnest,
  Trust me, Damon will not shirk.

Vain the doctor's adjuration,
  Phyllis lightly to me trips:
If there's death in osculation
  Let me take it from thy lips.

When a merry maiden fair is,
  Medical advice decline,
Let her sweet Orbicularis
  Oris lightly rest on thine.

Yet, since kissing surely pleases,
  We, by Aesculapian art,
Can prognosticate diseases,
  Soft affections of the heart.

Kissing is by nature taught us,
  Kiss the girls, then, when they come
Tho' a kiss be, oide Plantus,
  Archerontis pabulum.

—The Corpuscle

HOSPITAL ST. LOUIS

(ONLY DECAYED GENTLEMEN TREATED.)

This is the place where men one sees
  Showing the most indelible scars,
Made by herpes, that vile disease!
  Sad result of venereal wars.

Disgust will fill every thoughtful mind;
  The odor of nauseous drugs gives pain.
There carbolic acid and cade we find
  Till the ilfactory aches in a sensitive brain,

There are many skin diseases to scare us,
  And our morbid sight we regale
With fellows suffering from acarus,
  Or scratching the rotten scale.

Eczema, from syphilis, spots the skin;
  The hospital's full, each venereal martyr
Taking, for Love's most venial sin,
  Mercury, sulphur and cream of tartar.

—Lancet Clinic.

REMEDIES IN RHYME

By J. W. Wells, M. D., Vanceburg, Ky., in Ec. Med. Jour. The following ingenious and instructive rhymes give, in an easy way, some of the guiding principles of the eclectic practitioners.

If the pulse is small, frequent too,
  Fever heavy or light,
Always give most carefully
  Specific aconite.

For full and bounding pulse,
  Whate'r the cause may be,
Specific medicationists
  Give veratum viride.

When face is flushed and eyes are bright,
  Pupils contracted too,
Gelsemium in normal dose
  Will pull the patient through

In dullness, and in hebetude,
  To sleep a disposition,
Give belladonna in full faith,
  And hope a glad fruition.

Fullness of the eyelids,
  Swelling of the feet,
A pocynum cannabinum
  These indications meet.

In itching, also burning,
  Of the generative box,
Tincture of the honey-bee,
  But do not give rhus tox.

Muscular, pains, uterine pains,
  Pains rheumatic or false, lying,
Black cohosh will cure begosh!
  Though the sick ones vow they are dying.

Fullness of face, fullness of veins,
  Fullness of abdomen,
Fullness of tongue, podophyllin;
  Fullness of other things—then

Pulsatilla patients are nervous, despondent,
  Restless, sleepless, pulse easily compressed;
Eyes dull, dark lines below them:
  The cause of the marks are easily guessed.

Pulse small, pulse sharp, pain in head,
  Especially right over theleft eye;
Burning pain, red spots on tongue,—
  Rhus tox, can be learned if you try.

Acids for a deep red tongue;
  Broad, pallid one alkali;
Bromine inhale in croupe,
  Drops x to water dr. ij.

Cutting pain in abdomen,
With diarrhoea and dysentery
Colocynth in smallest dose
Is sure to dock the ferry.

The pulse stroke is feeble—
A touch keeps currents above:
Sounds of the heart heard faintly—
Three calls for foreign fox glove.

Elongated, pointed tongue,
Reddened tips and edges,
Gastric pain and tenderness,
For this we have our wedges.

Amygdalis persica
Is surely no delusion;
The tincture give them in water,
Or in a cold infusion.

Imtense tormina and tenesmus,
Discharge of mucous, pink,
Nitrate of the very stuff
That in our pockets clink.

Indolent chancres and buboes,
The non-sensitve kind,
Secondary and tertiary—
Be sure you keep in mind.

Contracted tongue, in cases all,
(This is easily told),
And is than usual redder—
Sodium chloride and gold.

When we see the urine,
And the smell is strong,
Acidum benzoicum
Will help the case along.

Delirium tremens, feeble pulse,
Cold extremities pallid face,
Capsicum in full dose
Must always find a place.

Cinnamon zey lanicum,
Tincture of the oil,
"Certain in post-partum waste;
This is " 'cordin' to Hoyl."

The tongue is broad and pallid,
And has a dirty dress;
Sodae sulphis is the drug
That your efforts will bless.

Skin dirty, sallow brownish;
Mucous membrane dirty hue—
Sulphur from Vesuvius—
"Smells to heaven" too.

LOURCINE HOSPITAL

(ONLY OPEN TO FALLEN ANGELS.)

Thus grim destiny has willed!
  Who to Lourcine's ever been,
  Many a foolish virgin's seen,
Treated by the specialist skilled.

The instrument, a speculum call,
  Which submits to its control;
  The disease termed la verole
Scanned within vaginal wall.

True, the woman was once fair,
  Daughter of Venus, now so rotten,
  And by all the world forgotten.
Where is now her beauty rare?

Nothing but a poor soiled dove,
  Sheltered from the outside storm.
  Powdered with iodoform,
Bitter antidote for love.

—Lancet-Clinic.

URINARY ANALYSIS

The following was sent to an Atlanta doctor with a specimen of urine in a half-pint flask for examination:

My morning "extract" here I send,
'Tis what you wanted, I suppose,
I hope and trust 'twill not offend,
Or make you elevate your nose.

No cocktail sweet, no toddy long,
This festive vessel doth contain,
And though it is not very strong,
I'm sure that it would stand a strain.

Although 'tis pleasant to the sight,
I send it with an anxious sigh,
And hope that on disease of Bright
Will meet your penetrating eye.

Dear Doctor, note the amber gleam,
But do not be deceived by this,
Things are not always what they seem,
This half-pint flask is full of——!

—Southern Medical Record.

THE SONG OF THE MERRY MICROBE

I am a cultured bacillus, living in veal bouillon—
Soaking in this nutritious dish, no wonder I grow strong;
Yet long before obesity my destiny shall prove,
I multiply like blazes, and I and my children move
In the most exclusive circles, for we conquer as we go,
Until everything in sight is in our set—ah! doncher-know!
We're great on colonization—it's a universal fad,
And all the bacilli that do not join us wish they had;
For we're perfectly irresistable as we march against the foe,
Chasing him around the soup tureen— that is the way we grow!

We have no use for sunlight, and object to too much ozone,
But mercury is the devil, and the thought of him makes us groan.
Born in the whirl of fashion, we nevertheless grow lean,
Doing the work we're paid for—manufacturing toxine;
And when we are dead and buried, and even our names forgot,
Our works live on and accomplish things which we in the flesh could not;

MEDICAL MUSE

I will not try to tell you all, but up from common itch,
To renal tuberculosos and mediastinal stitch,
We have a vote in deciding the shape of the illness dire,
That mortal man must suffer ere he joins the angel choir.

We're clannish as the Scotchman, and there's no folks like our own,
Yet one of our fair relations we hate as we do ozone;
She is the Aunty Toxine you have heard so much about,
Who was safe in the cellar and harmless until Behring brought her out.
Now, if you will believe me, she threatens to make us hum—
She and the plagocytes that dwell under the blood serum!

—Medical Age.

THE SCHEMING MICROBE

A microbe sat on a maiden's lip, right an its kissiest part,
And murmered, "I'll work that young man off in the highest style of art;
I'll send a raging colony careering through his veins,
And they shall soak his system with a choice lot of ptomaines.
O, I'm of the choleric sort and the epidemic brand,

And you may bet the victim knows whenever I'm on hand;
For I raise a rumpus in his guts, like a slowly bursting bomb,
Which only ends, as a general thing, when he reaches kingdom come."
Now, him that the grizzly microbe had in its measly, pizen mind
Was a nicish, youthish laddie of the hottest blooded kind;
Who loved the sweetish, youngish girl with an incandescent vim,
Which only found an offset in the way that she loved him.
Well, on the next sweet Sunday night, this nicish, youngish man
Was seated on the same chair with his darling Mary Ann;
And he hugged until he nearly busted her precious diaphragm,
And kised her sixteen hundred times with the zest of a battering ram.
The microbe had been swapped at least one thousand times, and when
The young man left the ornery beast was still with Mary Ann;
When her beau was gone, she finished up by kissing "Puggy Wee,"
And the next day that devoted pup most died of diarrhee.

W. C. Cooper in Medical Gleaner.

SCIENTIFIC HOUSEWIFE

Give me a spoon of oleo, ma,
And the sodium alkali,
For I'm going to make a pie, mamma,
I'm going to make a pie,
For John will be hungry and tired, ma,
And his tissues will decompose—
So give me a gramme of phosphate,
And the carbon and cellulose.

Now, give me a chunk of casein, ma,
To shorten the thermic fat;
And hand me the oxygen bottle, ma,
And look at the thermostat;
And if the electric oven's cold,
Just turn on half an ohm,
For I want to have supper ready,
As soon as John comes home.

Now, pass me the neutral dope, mamma,
And rotate the mixing machine,
But give me the sterilized water first
And the oleomargarine,
And the phosphate too, for, now I think,
The new typewriter's quit,
And John will need more phosphate food
To help his brain a bit.

—Chicago News.

THE SONG OF THE GENERAL PRACTITIONER

[SUNG AT THE ANNUAL DINNER OF THE BOLTON AND DISTRICT MEDICAL SOCIETY]

He must not walk his rounds for fear his patients think him poor,
And dearly do they love to see a carriage at their door;
And if his horse is fat, "He must have little work to do,"
And if it's lean, the reason is, "He starves the poor old screw."

Should he call upon his patients every day when they are ill,
His motive plainly is, "to make a great big doctor's bill;"
If he visits them less frequently,—thus less'ning their expense,—
The chances are he'll be accused of willful negligence.

He must work all day and half the night, and never say he's tired;
For the public look upon him simply as a servant hired
And should he take a holiday, he'll find when he comes back,
Some patients have resented it by giving him "the sack."

Concerning money, he must seem indifferent to be.
And folks will think he practices from pure philanthropy.
When we hear about him boasting of the guineas that he earns,
We wonder if they all appear in his income-tax returns

About his own aflictions he must never say a word;
The notion of a doctor being ill is so absurd!
And when, perhaps from overwork, he's laid upon the shelf,
His sympathizing patients say, "Physician, heal thyself!"

—J. Johnston M. D. in Lancet.

LOVE AND THE DOCTOR

The Doctor and the God of Love are much alike, they say;
Because their services are called upon both night and day.
Ah! there's a resemblance.
The one is very famous when he groweth gray and old,
The other reputation has in Springtime's youth, we're told.
Ah! there's the difference.

The Doctor and the God of Love are creatures very blind,
For in affections of the heart they make mistakes we find.
Ah! there's a resemblance.
The one is grave and dressed in black, with him a smile is rare.
The other laughs, ne'er dons his clothes but runs about all bare.
Ah! there's a difference.

The Doctor and the God of Love in danger all men seek,
They both console and sympathize and strive to heal the weak.
Ah! there's a resemblance.
The Doctor, when his fame is great, we all are bound to pay;
From Love, when all his sweets are gone, men silent shrink away.
Ah! there's a difference.

The Doctor and the God of Love give many worldings strength,
They aid our troubles throughout life until death comes at length.
Ah! there's a resemblance.
The one, with good intentions, but simply wounds to cure.
The other, with caresses, gives wounds we can't endure.
Ah! there's a difference.

MEDICAL MUSE

The Doctor and the God of Love, by looking in our eyes,
Can tell if soul be sick or well, can read the truth or lies.
Ah! there's the resemblance.
The Doctor only feels the pulse, pressing our hands apart;
But Love goes deeper into us and touches e'en the heart
Ah! there's the differece.
In spite of all my ninety years, I still indulge in rhyme
Yet Love has flown away, my heart's the Doctor's every time.

Western Med. Reporter.

THE FEMALE PELVIS

908 Cameron Street,
Alexandria, Va.

Editor Lancet-Clinic:

I enclose you some lines on the "Female Pelvis" by the talented Dr. George Ross, of Richmond, Va., which he has modestly given me permission to send you. Those who know Dr. Ross appreciate those qualities of head and heart which make him the good physician and teacher and fill him with the pathos of the poet. Many of his friends, I am sure, will enjoy seeing these lines of his in the Lancet-Clinic.

Truly yours
W. W. O'BRIEN, M. D.

DR. ROSS' INTRODUCTORY TO HIS LECTURE ON THE FEMALE PELVIS.

A pelvis I now show to you,
I beg that you will take a view
Of all its parts—now simply bones;

Yet once awakening sobbing moans
And salty tears and vain regrets;
Alas! the Reaper ne'er forgets!
Who knows the object of his search
When swooping down his lofty perch
He stealeth through the ranks of men?
His gruesome work he ceases when,
And only when some shining mark
Has yielded up life's fitful spark.
Can'st tell, ye learned, as I stand
And hold these fragile bones in hand,
What spirit lent them life and grace
As lightly they did run their race?
Can'st conjure up in fancy's frame
The picture of some beauteous dame,
Whose name did thrill the hearts of men
And filled with fire a poet's pen?
Can'st follow o'er the mountain craig
In hot pursuit to fleet-foot stag
Diana fair! the huntsman famed?
Perchance 'twas she these bones were named.
What matter though the name they bore
If o'er them each of us shall pour
In lavish measure studious thought,
And treasure what is by them taught.
We'll learn how nature, wondrous wise,
Did for her works such laws devise,
That scarce a mother's brought to bed
Fails bear her child, advancing head.
We'll feel that failing, as she must

Sometimes, she surely us can trust
To recognize where she is weak;
Be prompt a remedy to seek.
Why should we not? We've studied all
These complex bones, both great and small.
We know their planes—the Carus Curve—
The purposes they each do serve;
The entrance to the upper strait,
The exit at the lower gate,
The perineum's fearful fate,
When ignorance does stand and wait.

Then, gentlemen, I beg you each
Give heed and listen as I teach.

THE SANITARY SIN

(The latest sensational discovery is the unsanitary kiss)

I met my modest Minnie by the wind-mill in the trees;
We walked among the lillies, those that neither toil nor spin,
But a deamon danced between us, and he howled above the breeze.
"You may love the little lady, her affections you may win,
But kissing is a sanitary sin."

I married her one morning in the churchyard down the lane,
Far away from the trouble and the turmoil and the din;
Ere the earth had made its journey round the orb of day again
We'd a baby girl, but never did we kiss our little Min,
For kissing is a sanitary sin.

Oh, we love each other dearly but our lips have never met,
Though her silver threads are coming and my thatch is growing thin;
To the act of osculation we have not descended yet,
For we know, since fell diseases such a practice ushers in,
That kissing is a sanitary sin.

—British Medical Journal.

THE MEDICAL RAVEN

Once upon a midnight dreary,
The doctor slumbered weak and weary,
And all the town could
Hear him snore.

While he lay there sweetly napping,
Suddenly there came a tapping
Like a ramgoat madly rapping
His hard head
Upon the door.

"Get thee up," a voice said loudly,
"Come in haste," it added proudly,
Like a man who owned a million
Or much more.

But the Doctor never heeded:
Back to dreamland fast he speeded,
For such men as that he needed
In his practice
Nevermore.

For long months that man had owed him,
Not a cent he ever paid him,
And the doctor now will dose him
Nevermore.
—Atlanta Medical and Surgical Journal.

A VICTIM OF MISPLACED CONFIDENCE

One day a bull-dog bit him—he was gamming down
Quag nog;
And they filled his brains in Paris with an extract of
mad dog.

Then he caught tuberculosis, so they took him to Berlin,
And injected half a gallon of bacilli into him.
Well, his friends were all delighted at the quickness of the cure;
Till he caught the typhoid fever, and speedy death was sure.
Then the doctors with some sewage did inoculate a hen
And injected dilute gastric juice into his abdomen.
But as soon as he recovered, as of course he had to do,
There came along a rattlesnake and bit his thumb in two.
Once again his veins were cut to receive about a gill
Of some serpentine dilution with the venom in it still.
To prepare him for a voyage in an Asiatic sea,
Diluted blood was pumped in him from a leprous old Chinee.
Soon his appetite had vanished and he could not eat at all,
So dilute virus of dyspepsia made the last and final call.
For his blood was so diluted by the remedies he'd taken,
That one day the poor man died and never did awaken
Yet his doctor still could save him, he persistently maintains.
If he only could inject a little life into his brains.

—The Corpuscle in Town Topics.

By permission of the Publishers.

TO YOU WHO HAVEN'T HAD IT

When you feel as though a streamlet
From old Jack Frost's own domain
Goes a trickling down your backbone—
Then goes trickling up again;
When your hands and feet feel frozen,
While your face with fever burns,
When the hotness and the coldness
Chase each other off by turns;
When you feel as though you'd like to
Lay off, just for this one trip;
You may then begin to wonder
If you haven't got the grip!
When you feel as though you'd practiced
"Manly art," for 'bout a week;
Feel as if you'd burst your thorax
Every time you tried to speak;
When you know your spine's been broken,
And then put together wrong,
And your head feels like you might have
Stayed out several nights too long;
When each big and little bonelet
Which the human framework needs
Tries its best to ache its hardest,
And when everyone succeeds;
Then you'd better call a doctor,
Let him either kill or cure!
For you'll know, beyond all doubting,
Grip has got you this time sure?

—Adele R. Ingersoll.

THE LATEST RECONSTRUCTIVE, NERVE TONIC AND RESTORATIVE

If I should die tonight—
And you should come to my cold corpse and say,
Weeping and heart sick, o'er my lifeless clay,
If I should die tonight—
And you should come in deep grief and woe,
And say, "Here's that $10 I owe,"
I might rise up in my great white cravat,
And say, "What's that?"
If I should die tonight—
And you should come to my corpse and kneel,
Clasping my bier to show the grief you feel,
I say, if I should die tonight,
And you should come to me, and here and then
Just even hint about paying me that ten,
I might arise a while—but I'd drop dead again.

—By E. B. Jackson, in Cincinnati Medical Journal.

THE DAY OF THE SPECIALIST

"Two of a trade can never agree,"
The proverb said of old;
And never a doctor could there be found
His bretheren to uphold.
But now they dwell in harmony,
And I'll tell you how 'tis done;
The doctors have split their trade, d'ye see,
There's a slice for everyone.

Chorus:

It takes nine doctors to cure a man,
Tho' a ninth of a man he be!

The winter winds have harmed your throat,
You must go to Dr. B.
"Your stomach is wrong," he calmly says,
And passes you to C.
You mention to C. that pain in your eye
That worries you night and day.
"An oculist case," he quickly replies,
"Just call on Dr. J."

Too much Burgundy has blossomed out
In the joint of your great toe;
Now where is H, so famed in gout?
To him you must swiftly go.

And when with doctors and bills you're vexed
  Till all your nerves succumb,
To minister to a mind perplexed,
  Another M. D. must come!

At last you draw your latest breath,
  You find yourself laid low;
The faculty are in at the death,
  To give you leave to go.
But what's the matter among them all,
  They can't exactly tell.
For "diagnosis," who but X.
  Can answer the question well?

And now life's fitful fever is cured
  By a greater doctor still;
The patient is sleeping well as last,
  The heirs have read the will.
But e'en in his tomb, his friends report
  A specialist's care he'll need.
The "Alienist" Z, must appear in court
  Lest his cranky bequest succeed.

—The Pittsburg Post.

MARK TWAIN'S LOVE SONG

[Inspired by a sojourn at a European Health Resort.]

I ask not "Is thy heart still sure,
Thy love still warm, thy faith secure?"
I ask not "Dream'st thou still of me?"
Long'st always to fly to me?"
  Ah, no—but as the sun includeth all
    The good gifts of the Giver,
  I sum all these in asking thee,
  "Oh, sweetheart, how's your liver"?

For if thy liver worketh right,
Thy faith stands sure, thy hope is bright,
Thy dreams are sweet, and I their God,
Doubt threats in vain—thou scorn'st his rod.
  Keeps only thy digestion clear,
  No other love my foe doth fear.

But indigestion hath the power
To mar the soul's serenest hour;
To crumble admantine trust,
And turn its certainties to dust;
To dim the eye with nameless grief,
To chill the heart with unbelief;
To banish hope, and faith, and love—
Place heaven below and hell above.
  Then list—details are naught to me,
    So thou'st the sum gift of the Giver,
  I ask thee all in asking thee,
    "Oh, darling, how's your liver?"

—The Medical Fortnightly.

THE DOCTOR.

(Sympathetically Dedicated to the Medical Fraternity by a Convalescent.)

Who works from morn till set of sun,
Is all day upon a run,
And yet whose work is never done?
The Doctor.

Who, when at last he seeks repose,
And falls into a gentle dose,
And makes sweet music through his nose?
The Doctor.

Who's roused up in the dead of night,
By some one in a dreadful fright,
Who's sure she's going to die outright?
The Doctor.

Who, when the days are scorching hot,
Can seek no cool, sequestered spot,
Because he must be on the trot?
The Doctor.

Who must an even temper keep,
And hide his thoughts and feeling deep,
To cheer up those who wail and weep?
The Doctor.

MEDICAL MUSE

Who has to hear of countless ills,
And deal out multitudes of pills,
To those who neer pay their bills?
The Doctor.

Who must be always very wise,
Ready to give profound replies,
Whatever question may arise?
The Doctor.

Who, when the mercury is low,
Long, weary miles must often go
Through cutting winds and blinding snow?
The Doctor.

Who must not show that it's a bore
To hear each family history o'er
Five generations back or more?
The Doctor.

Who takes our aches and pains away,
And gives us courage day by day,
To cheer us on our healthward way?
The Doctor.

Who should be placed among the saints,
Whom history with us acquants,
For patient list'ning to complaints?
The Doctor.

—Minnie May Curtis, in Inter-Ocean

A TRAGEDY.

The doctor sat in his study,
  Pondering o'er his science deep,
Thinking of cases so very complex
  They'd have made old AEsculapius weep,
When a genial "old jay" from the country
  Dropped in with his youthful son Jim,
And remarked, in an off hand manner,
  He'd "like a doctor made outen o' him."

He said Jim was inclined to be lazy,
  Not at all fond of hard work;
That he couldn't be made to study,
  Managed somehow his tasks all to shirk;
That he wouldn't "bug" nor dig "taters,"
  Wan't no arthly use on the farm;
That his ma didn't care to let him play with the boys,
  For fear he might come to some harm.

But that Jim was a fine, likely laddie,
  And as docterin's such nice, clean, easy work—
Nothing 'bout it hard ner unpleasant
  That Jimmie'd be likely to shirk—
That if he'd just take little sonny—
  But be mighty easy with him—
He thought 'twould be but a simple task
  To make a doctor outen o' Jim.

The doctor leaned back in his office chair,
  Too dazed at the moment to speak,
And then remarked, in a strange, hollow voice,
  That he somehow felt strangely weak.
Attempting to rise, he fell back with a groan,
  Convulsively clutching his head,
Gasped once or twice—alas! this was the end,
  The unfortunate man was dead.

—F. F. C.," in Southern Practitioner.

WHEN THE DOCTOR IS WANTED.

Call in the doctor! I'm as sick as a dog!
  I'm rapidly dying, I fear;
My limbs are a-tremble, my brain's in a fog;
  I must keep to my bed for a year.
My breath I am drawing in feverish puffs;
  I'm faint in the small of my back;
My face is as white as my collars and cuffs;
  My giblets are all out of whack.
So call in the Doctor to lighten my woe:
  To him I would tenderly speak:
He must fix up a neat affidavit, ye know—
  My trial is set for next week.

—The Police Captain in Town Topics.

By permission of the Publishers.

A HARD PATIENT.

"Say, Doc! I'm feeling sort of tough, been knocked
out for a spell,
Fact is, since back in '63 I never have been well;
I've had the quinsy and the piles more'n a hundred
times, I guess;
An' right there in my stomach, there's a feelin' of
distress;
It's there when I get out of bed, and stays there most
all day,
Exceptin' when I get my grub, it generally goes away;
An' I'm runnin' to consumption, fer I cough like the
deuce;
'Though I never spit up very much, except terbacker
juice.
And I can't stand work of eny kind; I've tried it, but
the fact
Is, Doc, when I go out to work, a pain comes in my
back
That almost takes my breth away; you laugh, but
'taint no joke,
The only thing that'l stop them pains, is to light my
pipe an' smoke.
Terbacker always used to work on me just like a
charm,
But lately it has lost its grip, and it fills me with
alarm.

You can bet I ain't no grumbler, though, and the times has been so close,
I sort o' hesitated 'fore coming for a dose;
But if you can do me any good, why just trot out your pills;
I ain't perticular 'bout their size, but I am about your bills.
A dollar! for that little box? That pain's come back! Great Scott!
'Tain't strange you doctors all are rich, jest charge this to me, Doc."

—Medical Brief.

A MICRO-ORGANIC WAIL BY "MEPHIBOSHETH."

Twas a solemn streptococcus
And a festive micro-be,
That together in the focus
In the microscope I see;
And the awful way they takes on,
And the mischief of their pranks,
Is enough to scare the natives
And make 'em use their shanks,

They waltz around the diamond
  In impish, ghoulish glee;
And the curves they throw, both high and low,
  'Twas misery to see.
And as I gaze with tearful eyes,
  On conduct such as these;
I voice I hears, to my surprise,
  "Bac-te-ria if you please."

'Tis an unexpected feeling,
  Which no one can gain-say,
To have an admonition
  From a suave bacteri-a.
Can it be, I mildly wondered,
  As I conned the words again,
That the morbus of the punster
  Is of microbic origin?

Not so! My reason told me,
  As I thought of Darwin's view;
But a man himself is destined,
  Whether dullard or bas bleu,
To the struggle for the fittest,
  And the more he makes a fuss
Only shows us that the microbe
  Is but a basal us.

—Lehigh Valley Medical Magazine.

THE OLD MAN KNEW.

Adolphus paused outside the door
To interview the scraper;
Within those walls her father sat
Intent on Sunday's paper.

Six times before he'd sought that door
On this same mission bent;
His courage failed—but now to-night
He'll ask papa's consent.

"Respected sir, I've come to tell—
To ask my fate—oh seal;
Oh, since the early spring time came
I've felt—I mean—I feel—"

Adolphus paused with pallid cheek;
"Why boy—don't look morose!
It's billiousness! I've had it! here—
'P——'s Pellets,' take a dose!"

—Popular Health Magazine.

FAITH AND UNFAITH.

The personal history of the Art of Medicine is very interesting and exceedingly varied. The faith and unfaith n which we are held by our victims is likewise so. Occasionally the art is lauded almost to fulsomeness, and again is impaled on the trenchant wit of a Moliere. Hundreds of years ago Agathias in his unfaith wrote:

"A thriving doctor sent his son to school
To gain some knowledge should he prove no fool;
But took him him soon away with little warning,
On finding out the lesson he was learning—
How great Pelides wrath in Homer's rhyme,
Sent many souls to Hades ere their time.
No need for this my boy should hither come;
That lesson he can better learn at home—
For I myself now, I make bold to say,
Send many souls to Hades ere their day,
Nor ere found want of grammar stop my way."

On the other hand a story which is going the rounds now is an example of extreme faith. A gentleman was mortally injured. The doctor and wife were doing all in human power to bring back consciousness. The case seemed hopeless. The doctor listened for the heart beat, but could not hear it, and said: "It is no use, madame, he is dead." Just then the man opened his eyes and murmured faintly: "Not quite, doctor," whereupon the wife quickly said: "Hush! hush! John, the doctor knows best."

THE ANATOMIST.

We sat in the operating room
With all the paraphernalia around;
Our cigars two red spots in the gloom,
And his story that man of science unwound
Like a mummy from the tomb.

"They brought a subject here for the knife
That I, as a specialist might endeavor,
To find why death got the better of life,
And had beaten fellows accounted clever
At the ills to which flesh is rife.

"Outside was the fog and drizzling rain;
In here, that form in its close wound sheet,
So close, that every line as plain,
From the head to the folded feet,
Caused a something on my brain.

"I took the lighted candle round
Beside the face, and as quickly drew
The covering back that wrapped it round
And had just a moment's view,
When the light fell to the ground.

"It was the duplicate face, complete
In eyes, hair, brows, of a woman I know,

With parted mouth that smiled so sweet
  When the little pearly teeth showed through—
With memory replete.

"They found me next morning on the floor
  With my head beside the table's leg,
And my face a-barricading the door.
  It seems I had not moved a peg
After falling the night before.

"'Twas a very unscientific thing
  To be shaken so by a woman's body;
But human nature will have its fling—
  I think you are fond of whiskey toddy;
Excuse me while I ring."

WHAT IS AN INFLAMATION?

G. H. COLLINS, M. D.

The rapid vascular action, induced by irritation,
Produces the first stages of acute inflamation;
The warmth induced by the rapid pace of blood in
  passing through
The vessels makes them larger and gives them more
  to do;
The vessels being fuller and more pressure on the
  nerves,

And the filaments and fibrils which the inflamed tissue serves,
Makes the inflamed portion painful and the pain is still increased,
Till the pressure is abated and the tension is released,

But if the pressure still remains beyond a certain stage,
You will find an inflamation of a higher type will rage;
Then the fever will be higher and the part will beat and throb,
And you've got to get to business or you're sure to lose your job;
For this last stage is congestion, and if you wish to cure your case,
You will have to use your remedies: you have no time to waste;
For the blood becomes retarded in its passage from the heart,
And suppuration follows, with sloughing of the part.

Another stage may supervene, a chronic inflamation,
And still another follow this, a stage of induration;
And if this is not soon relieved by therapeutic action
You are very apt to have a case of cyst or tumefaction.
So take your cases if you can as early as you may,
And save your patients lots of pain—the wages of delay;
Hypertrophy is right in line, and this may be the fate
That follows inflammation, if you decide to wait.

DOCTOR RABELAIS.

Once—it was many years ago,
  In early wedded life,
Ere yet my loved one had become
  A very knowing wife—
She came to me and said: "My dear,
  I think (and do not you?)
That we should have about the house
  A doctor's book or two.

"Our little ones have sudden ills
  Which I should understand
And cure, myself, if I but had
  A doctor's book at hand.
Why not economize, my dear,
  In point of doctor's bills
By purchasing the means to treat
  Our little household ills?"

Dear, honest, patient little wife!
  She did not even guess
She offered me the very prize
  I hankered to possess! ,
"You argue wisely, wife," quoth I.
  "Proceed without delay
To find and comprehend the works
  Of Doctor Rabelais."

I wrote the title out for her
(She never heard the name!)
And presently she bought those books
And home she lugged the same;
I clearly read this taunting boast
On her triumphant brow;
"Aha, ye venal doctors all,
Ye are outwitted now."

Those volumes stood upon the shelf
A month or two unread,
Save at such times by night I conned
Their precious wit in bed;
But once—it was a wintry time—
I heard my loved one say;
"This child is croupy; I'll consult
My Doctor Rabelais!"

Too soon from her delusive dream
My beautious bride awoke!
Too soon she grasped the fullness of
My bibliomaniac joke,
There came a sudden, shocking change,
As you may well suppose,
And with her reprehensive voice
The temperature arose!

But that was many years ago,
In early wedded life,
And that dear lady has become
A very knowing wife;
For she has learned from Rabelais
What elsewhere is agreed:
The plague of bibliomania is
A cureless ill, indeed.

And still at night, when all the rest
Are hushed in sweet repose,
O'er these two interdicted tomes
I laugh and nod and doze,
From worldly ills and business cares
My weary mind is lured,
And by that doctor's magic art
My ailments are all cured.

So my dear, knowing little wife
Is glad that it is so,
And with a smile recalls the trick
I played her years ago;
Whensoe'er dyspeptic pangs
Compel me to their sway
The saucy girl bids me consult
My Doctor Rabelais!

—Eugene Field in Book-Lovers' Almanac.

CHEMICO-METRICAL MADRIGAL.

I knew a maiden, charming and true,
With beautiful eyes like the cobalt blue
Of the borax bead, and I guess she'll do
If she hasn't another reaction.

Her form is no bundle of toilet shams,
Her beauty no boom of arsenical balms,
And she weighs just sixty-two kilograms
To a deci-decimal fraction.

Her hair is a crown, I can truthfully state
'Tis a metre long, nor curly, nor straight,
And it is as yellow as plumbic chromate
In a slightly acid solution.

And when she speaks from parlor or stump,
The words which gracefully gambol and jump
Sound sweet like the water in Sprengel's pump
In magnesic phosphate ablution.

One day I said, "I will leave you for years,"
To try her love by rousing her fears:
She shed a deciliter of tears,
Turning brown the tumeric yellow.

To dry her tears I gave her, you know,
A hectogram of candy; also,
To bathe her red eyes, some H. O.
She said: "You're a naughty fellow."

GRAVE AND GAY.

I have bought me a lot, about a hectare,
And have built me a house ten metres square,
And soon, I think, I shall take her there,
My tart little acid radicle.

Perhaps little sailors on life's deep sea
Will be the salts of this chemistry,
And the lisp of the infantile A, B. C.
Be the refrain of this Madrigal.

—H. W. Wiley, M. D., U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.

AN OPENING FOR CHEMISTS.

By Anna M. Pratt

Professor De Bombast was heard to remark,
"Saccharine food I have feelings of odium;
And whenever I eat
Potatoes and meat,
I like them well seasoned with chloride of sodium."

His neighbors all said that, clearly enough,
His complexion was spoiled by such poisonous stuff;
Though any young chemist with good powers of reasoning
Might prove to the neighbors 'tis excellent seasoning.

—St. Nicholas.

By special permission of Author and the Century Co.

MAN.

Shrouded in Mystery.
Concealed in man's formation,
There lives a power antique,
Perfect organization
Will reveal this power unique.

When we can know the reason,
When we can see the cause
Of imperfect organization
(By transgressing Nature's laws).

We then can see conditions
(If but rightly undestood)
Are in harmony with Nature,
Too make men wise and good.

When he is rightly moulded
(Sired on the mutual plan)
Welcomed by loving mother,
Divinity dwells in the man.

Back of the heart that's throbbing,
Back of the soul that sings,
Back of imperfect visions,
Our ideals take their wings.

When we can know the spirit,
When we the divine can scan;
When we can know the motive,
THEN we can judge the MAN.

THE DOCTOR'S REWARD.

The Doctor sat in his room one night,
Dejected, worn, and sad;
His rounds had not been overbright,
And business had been bad.
Some puzzling cases taxed his brain,
His wits were sorely tried;
He managed just his bread to gain,
But little else beside.

His practice barely kept his home,
His troubles broke his rest,
Dread poverty seemed all his doom,
Altho' he strove his best.
He ne'er refused t'attend a call,
Regardless of his due;—
—"I'll do my best, and that is all
The best of all can do."

The night bell rang, he quickly ran,
A boy stood there, aghast,—
"Some ruffian had just stabbed a man,
And he was dying fast;
The bleeding soon must lay him low
There was no time to spare,"
The Doctor deftly stayed the flow,
And tied the artery there.

So the man was saved, thro' the Doctor's skill,
As happens every day,
So, when he claimed his modest bill,
Cold thanks were all his pay.
And the Doctor started home once more,
With face more brave and bright;—
"I came out poor, and I go home poor,
But I've saved a life to-night."

MY PA HE IST A DOCKER-MAN.

My pa he ist a docker-man;
  An' my ma said to me one day:
"Your pa has goned an' tooked a bran'
  New baby boy acrost the way
To Mrs. Giles. An' maybe, dear,
  If you be good, an' ast him to,
He'll bring a re'ly baby here—
  A little bruzzer boy for you!"

Well, when my pa comed home at night,
  An' put his slippers on, an' said
He guessed he'd haf to go an' write
  A letter 'fore he went to bed,
I climbed upon his knee, an' 'en
  I hugged an' kissed him two or free,
An' ast him if he wouldn't sen'
  An' git a bruzzer boy for me.

He said he would; an' 'en he winked
  His eye at ma, an' coughed an' smiled,
An' said he kind o' somehow finked
  He wouldn't diserpoint the child.
I don't know what he meant; but ma
  Ist claped her han's, an' 'en she said
It was a splendid joke on pa—
  An' 'en they sent me off to bed.

Well, when the baby comed, you know,
'Twas ist a nuzzer girl, an' ma
Was ist heart-sick about it, so
She had to stay in bed; an' pa
He 'lowed the folks in babylan'
Was out o' boys, and so they sent
A girl—or didn't un'erstan'
The kind o' baby that he meant!

DR. SAM OF NEW ORLEANS.

Down in the old French quarter,
Just out of Rampart street,
I went my way
At close of day
Unto the quaint retreat,
Where lives the Voudoo doctor,
By some esteemed a sham;
Yet I'll declare there's none elsewhere
So skilled as Dr. Sam.

With claws of a devil crawfish,
The juice of the prickly prune,
And the quivering dew
From a yarb that grew
In the light of the midnight moon!

I never should have known him
But for the colored folk,
That here obtain,
And ne'er in vain
That wizard's arts invoke.
For when the Eye that's Evil
Would him and his'n damn,
The negro's grief gets quick relief
Of Hoodoo-Doctor Sam.

With the caul of an alligator,
The plume of an unborn loon,
And the poison wrung
From a serpent's tongue
By the light of a midnight moon!

In all neurotic ailments
I hear that he excels,
And he insures
Immediate cures
Of weird, uncanny spells;
The most unruly patient
Gets docile as a lamb,
And is freed from mill by the potent skill
Of Hoodoo-Doctor Sam.

Feathers of strangled chickens,
Moss from the dank lagoon,
And plasters wet
With spider sweat,
By the light of a midnight moon!

They say when nights are grewsome,
And hours are, oh! so late,
Old Sam steals out
And hunts about
For charms that hoodoos hate;
That from the moaning river
And from the haunted glen,
He silently brings what eerie things
Give peace to hoodooed men:

The tongue of a piebald possum,
The tooth of a senile coon,
The buzzard's breath that pants for death,
And the film that lies
On a lizard's eyes
'Neath the light of a midnight moon!

—Eugene Field, in the Chicago Record.

FUN FOR DOCTORS

CURE FOR CORNS.

Riley's charm for the cure of corns is a receipt well worth knowing, and it is perhaps interesting, too, as a bit of Hoosier folklore:

Prune your corn in the gray of the morn
With a blade that's shaved the dead,
And barefoot go, and hide it so
The rain will rust it red;
Dip your foot in the dew, and put
A print of it on the floor,
And stew the fat of a brindle cat,
And say this o'er and o'er:
Corny! morny! baby! dead!
Gorey! sorey! rusty! red!
Footsy! putsy! floory! stew!
Fatsy! catsy!
Mew!
Mew!
Come, grease my corn
In the gray of the morn!
Mew! mew! mew!

—Philadelphia Times.

THE FIRST KISS.

Bathed in Bathybian bliss
And sunk in the slush of the sea,
Thrilled the first molecular kiss,
The beginning of you and of me.

The atom of Oxygen blushed
When it felt fair Hydrogen's breath,
The atom of Nitrogen rushed
Eager to Life out of Death.

Through Ocean's murmuring dell
Ran a whisper of rapture Elysian;
Across that Bathybian jell
Ran a crack that whispered of fission.

Alas! that such things should be,
That cruel, unkind seperation,
Adown in the depths of the sea
Should follow the first osculation.

O, tender lover and miss,
You cannot remember too well
That the first molecular kiss
Was the first Bathybian sell.

A BIT OF BARBARISM ECCLESIASTICALLY PERPETUATED.*

In a church of the times, commodious and bright,
A mixed throng of people in worship unite;
The refined and the coarse, the diseased and the sound
In this dense congregation commingled are found.

For Holy Communion the hour is assigned;
Consecrated the Elements, the communicants find
Their way to the altar at the minister's word,
To partake of the Bread and the Cup of our Lord.

At an appropriate moment the Chalice doth pass;
It reaches a saint of that numerous class
With tastes hydrophobic; "tell it not in Gath,"
But his dear disciple needs sadly a bath.

His mouth is befouled with all sorts of remains;
No tooth-brush that sepulcher ever profanes;
He drinks; and from his "savings" thus orally stored;
Makes his due contribution to the Cup of our Lord.

A fiierce-visaged brother is now reached in turn;
He's one of those experts who contemptuously spurn
That convenient appliance in France "mouchoir" named;
With counterfeiting Chesterfield he'll never be blamed.

*Specially written for The College and Clinical Record.

His mustache, suggestive of a Spanish brigand,
Might awake admiration if not too closely scanned;
As his thoughts with the scene he now strives to accord,
He dips that mustache in the Cup of our Lord.

The Chalice is nearing a frail, wasted form;
How ghastly the hue of that lip once so warm!
A dread cough tells the tale of an unequal strife
With a demon that's sapping the fountains of life.

This daughter of God, as Christ's blood she receives,
Feels immortality's thrill; exulting, believes
She shall have for each hour the divine strength implored;
But instills a pale blight in the Cup of our Lord.

His blessing so tender, "Thy sins are forgiven,"
Has unbared to earth's Magdalens the portals of Heaven;
Here's one, to the Saviour, perchance, as endeared
As the Mary to whom first He when risen appeared.

Be the soul from its sin washed never so clean,
Sin's scars in the flesh may a menace remain;
While like incense our Magdalen's heart is outpoured,
Her touch brings a curse to the Cup of our Lord.

What the wine might have been at the start I know not;
But whatever the kind, and wherever 'twas bought,
And whether fermented or unfermented, I trow
It is true vinum muci compositum now.

And see! to yon child this vile mixture is passed--
Fair reflection of Heaven in miniature cast;
As pure as a dewdrop, yet compeled at His board
To drink filth and disease from the Cup of our Lord!

But no harm can ensue if thou drinkest in faith,
For the Lord will protect thee, some foolish one saith;
Yet when urged by the devil to presumptuous display,
"Thou shalt tempt not thy God,' the dear Master did say.

Oh! would that the time might speedily come
When all things sacred shall be decently done—
When common sense and refinement shall not be ignored,
At least as we drink of the Cup of our Lord.

WILLIAM B. KONKLE, M. D.

Montourville, Pa. (J. M. C., 1884.)

A PATHOLOGICAL ROMANCE.

Every doctor knows the picture which represents a medical savant who stands in pondering attitude by the cadaver of a beautiful female. This beauty, even in death, is so potent, that the dissecting knife is rendered powerless to do its destructive work.

The subject, the victory of beauty even in death, over science, is a well known and old one. But there is always room for variations and modification, even of a worn and threadbare theme.

"The surgeon sat in his office conning his
medics old,
Before him on the table lay many a thought
enscrolled;
But one which came to his brain just then
Involved a problem vast,
For the key of which he had vainly searched
All the learning of the past;
And then a thought flashed o'er his brain,
I wish I could solve the same,
That my name in science should remain."

"He pondered long the subject o'er,
And searched among forgotten lore,
But found no clew to what he thought
The world should know, but dearly bought.

As the hours pased on he formed a plan
He felt quite sure could enlighten man;
He touched a bell near the office door,
And sent a message—a line or more.

"At midnight hour bring here to me
A body perfect, that none doth see!
A muffled noise was heard at the door
And a body laid on the cold, hard floor;
Then hurried hands conveyed to the table,
A form that was covered as well as able;
A click of the latch and all was gloom
In the surgeon's private dissecting-room."

* * * * * * *

"Then as he near the casement drew,
Where a lovely rose in beauty grew;
He gathered a dainty blossom white,
And there in the stillness of the night,
Returned to the room in silent tread,
And laid his offering near the dead."

—Medical Review.

HADN'T THE NERVE.

Young Ruffian's mother-in-law was sick,
  Her health had struck a flaw,
And, with the kind concern that moved
  The average son-in-law
He straightway to the settlement
  On double-quick did chase,
And brought a doctor back with him
  To diagnose the case.

With anxious mien he waited then
  Until the doctor grave
Had seen the patient, and in turn
  This honest verdict gave:
"She needs no medicine, young man;
  There'll be no help for her
Unless you forthwith send her to
  A warmer climate, sir."

No word young Ruffan spoke, but to
  The woodshed he made tracks,
And straightway coming back did bring
  A newly sharpened axe.
This handing to the man who did
  All human ailments serve,
"You do it, Doctor, dear," said he;
  "I haven't got the nerve."

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE OF."

By G. A. PUDOR, M. D., Portland.

'Twasn't many years ago that I attended a meeting
Of this grave society and ended by sleeping
On a couple of portions of a fancy game supper,
Made up of some cheese with mustard and pepper,
Warmed well up with lager and followed by beer;
Why Lord, it is strange that I should be here
To tell you what followed, I vow 'will be stranger
If I'm allowed to tell you, my life not in danger:
We had discussed things medical before discussing
the supper,
And that may be the reason that shop got the upper-
Most hand in my dreams. As I stuffed so may you
In hearing the things that in sleeping I viewed.

I tell but the truth—I attended a clinic
And the things that I saw would stagger a cynic
The wise medical man, with his most honorable plan,
Of curing with powders and pills—if he can,
Seemed out of the race and with a smile on his face,
There stood the bold surgeon pre-empting his place:
With his scalpel so true and his theories all new,
He all obnoxious drugs with disfavor did view,
With his electric blaze and his antiseptic ways
In a man's most innermost inwards he'd gaze,
And those dark recesses that baffled guesses,
Before modern surgery made such progresses,

He, with bold incision and free division,
Not one iota of indicision,
Did open them quite into broad daylight,
Thus curing his patients by his surgical might.

Now that brave surgeon he did make extremely free
With a person's individuality.
This unfeathered biped erect is brimfull of defects
And these, our bold surgeon can often correct
The patients that came, the halt and the lame,

Or suffering with ill not yet given a name,
Both the low and the high were welcome as pie,
And on every one his new method's he'd try.
In half-way measures he took no pleasure,
His original methods were indeed a treasure;
He removed great big lumps or just little chunks,
The patient that died was an ungrateful old hunk,
He fits out his man as best that he can,
And all on a thoroughly aseptic plan,
With the latest in rings, nickle buttons and things,
And patches up joints with celluloid springs.
In cases of fits which baffle our wits,
Or those puzzlesome cases of epileptics,
The poor troubled chap he in ether does clap
And by means of an osteoplastic flap,
He inspect the scenes by intelligent means

And away the old detritus by scraping he cleans.
Brain centers he shakes by galvanic quakes,
And by cerebral localization diagnosis he makes.
And when intestines strife make a burden of life,
And obstructionist lumps almost need a midwife,
His way it can't stop, his methods can't block,
His patient is cured, or dies of the shock.
And as a bold venture, he transplants a brain center
From out of a rabbit and almost instanter
The most villianous wretch from his sins he will fetch,
Thus take off a job from the hands of Jack Ketch.

And the man that will swerve from temperance to observe
He cures by ablation of the gustatory nerve;
And the result it is plain, it's removed a great bane,
There's no further need for the liquor law of Maine.
In those lean as the logs he inserts the hog's
Abdominal viscera and by the old gods,
Just by his deft skill he can fatten at will,
He reduces avoirdupois by the sight of his bill.
For a sluggard's sad case Ant Elixir he takes
And one of the idle industrious makes.
Whate'er is to blame on his mortal frame
He'll endeavor to cure—or give it a name.
I tell you in short, he couldn't be caught,
With knife and with scissors he was ready for aught.

For every ill that might challenge his skill.
When all is well over—then in comes the bill.

Yet while I dream some magic wand appears
And drives me back through thronging years.
I sit a youth at some medical task,
I seem to be studying, I turn and ask
A grave old codger, my preceptor I guess,
"How much of this learning is use, how much useless?"

"Why study any" he replies, "Why what's the use
Of all this wear and tear and cerebral abuse?
The patient demands no knowledge. He will call
The veriest ignoramus of them all.
If only he be blessed with a very grave face,
A gig, some bottles in a portentious black case
A pair of gold glasses, big office as well,
And the power to charge an exorbitant bill.
These drugs are demanded and others like these,
They are powerful factors in combatting disease.

If these you possess don't struggle for knowledge,
That is all you can get in school or in college.
Pray tell me the use of Greek, a language vile,
Can it change one Frankfort into chyle?
Can Latin help one blessed bit
To start the sluggish bile or cure a fit?"

"My dear young student, just start at once!
It doesn't matter that you're a dunce,
And if perchance you don't succeed at acting lies,
Jump into the paper and advertise:"—

"Just in town for the day, or two at the most,
Hurry up! Office's full, or your opportunity's lost!
The renowned Dr. P. just from LONDON. He'll treat
All your ills, from your head way down to your feet."

"You might add a few letters F. M. A. M., P. D. Q.,
Or any whatever. The public will view
Them whatever they are with ignorant eyes,
Not knowing their meaning think your correspondingly wise."

"He has studied all schools. He'll treat you with skill
By any or all whichever you will;
Clairvoyant and faith-cure, homoepathic, eclectic,
Botanic and regular, mind-cure and magnetic,
Can be found at his office. Room number 4,
Liberty building, corner South,—just open the door.
There you can see him and get cured of your ills,
Or address by letter; P. S. Please enclose a bill.
Against public knowledge he takes every pain,
For often publicity defeats his own aim."

"Then add a testimonial of a remarkable cure
You might add a picture but only be sure
That neither the name or even the face
Were ever seen anywhere within miles of that place."

"Your medicine? Good heavens! Just make up a pill.
Then a salve and a powder and a tonic as well
And anything else that may aid in the sell.
Just tell your patients, with discretion of course,
About the state of their liver. Be sure to enforce
Your wisdom by words, the longer the better,
For people judge wisdom by the number of letters."

"If this don't succeed you needn't do much
To make yourself a pathophobiac's crutch
By shoving on the public a pill or a salve,
Advertise in the papers and a fortune you'll have
To give to a charity, a church or a college
And diffuse what you haven't—that's knowledge.
Just advertise as follows, and as I said before,
The wealth of fools into your coffers will pour."

REACHAM'S PILLS AND SALVE.

"The pills are they good for constipation and boils,
Whenever the intestines knit up into coils,
Taken on a full stomach they'll deplete the brain,
On an empty they'll calm the wildly insane,
One pill not too often is good for the gout,
Two pills taken frequently rheumatism will rout.
If your dreams are disturbing or at night you can't rest
In a box of our pills just quickly invest.
If you are continually tired, no joy in this life,
Take a pill in the morning—give one to your wife.
If you have no appetite, are daily growing thinner
A pill after supper and two before dinner.
If your food runs to fat, you're weighing too much
Take a pill before breakfast, its sure cure for such.
For corns and for bunions there was never invented
Such a wonderful remedy. Its unprecedented
For phthisis, dyspepsia and tetters and itch
Whooping cough and the dropsy, lumbago and stitch,
For measles and fevers and malarial shakes,
For orchitis and dandruff and when one sees snakes,
Myelitis and asthma, neuralgia and cancer,
For unfortunate virgins the pills will not answer.
For all the above and many others as well
Just follow directions on each box of the pills
You'll be pleased with their action; regarding their cost
They're worth a dollar apiece instead of a quarter a box!"

"The salve will cure humors that come on the skin,
Will draw out the poison, the eruption drive in.

Good for erysipelas, epithelioma and piles,
For eczema, ulcers and chilblains and boils,
For that dread disease the scaly psoriasis,
Has been used in India for elephantiasis,
For baldness and ringworm, birthmarks and burns,
For coldsores, for warts, for hives and for corns,
In short for all humors that trouble our lives,
For children and grown folks, for husbands and wives.
Just try a small box, for sale at all stores.
Rub in with a will over any old sores.
If one box don't cure a second surely will;
It acts rather better if taken with our pills."

"All this in big type here and there a big letter
To catch the eye is oftentimes better;
Then at the top of the column in great black type
Such words as DYSPEPSIA, HUMOR and GRIPE,
The laiety known very well what they mean,
You might throw in PARIESIS and CANCER between.
That's bait for the gudgeons. The fool killer has found
'Tis impossible to kill all the fools on his round.
They'll read and digest and try your vile stuff
If you advertise liberally and shrewdly enough."

I had almost decided to try this bold scheme,
When out on the street a wild and shrill scream
Awoke me with a start. My nightmare was through.
I for one was not sorry, I guess neither are you.

*Read after dinner at the regular December, 1894, meeting of the Maine Academy of Medicine.

DESTINY AND VICTUALS

Fair woman, could your soul but view
  The intimate relation
'Twixt food and fate, there'd be a new
  And higher dispensation.
Could you but see, for "destiny,"
  A synonym in "dinners,"
And what the kitchen's alchemy
  Could make of mortal sinners.
You'd leave old fads and learn to bake
  A loaf and cook a "tatter,"
To roast a joint or boil a steak,
  Than which no art is greater.

What deeds of fame are left undone,
  What thoughts are left unspoken,
What waiting laurels ne'er are won,
  What grand resolves are broken,
Because of soggy bread and pies
  And viands spoiled in broiling,
Of sickly tarts and greasy fries
  And coffee left a-boiling.

For, though with fortitude he braves
  The terrors dread of battle,
While proud aloft his standard waves,
  And round him bullets rattle,
Man often fails of noble aims,
  Unconscious of his power,
When pills and potions press their claims
  In some dyspeptic hour.

Mayhap 'tis said "He lacks the 'grit'
  Or genius essential"
By critics, blind, with all their wit,
  To causes inferential.
But "grit" and genius are naught
  When nature's distillations
In ignorant alembic wrought
  Into abomination,
Are set before him day by day,
  More fitting a collation
Mere brutish cravings to allay,
  Than for man's delectation.

"Men cannot live by bread alone,"
  'Tis well and wisely spoken,
But make that bad, he'll die unknown
  And give the world no token
Of high ambition's potencies
  Or genius's slumb'ring fires
Inbred in him through galaxies
  Of grand illustrious sires.

Then all ye dames and maidens fair,
  Who burn with high ambition,
Who crave to nobly do your share
  To better man's condition,
You'd give us, could your soul but view
  The intimate relation
'Twixt food and fate, 'ere long, a new
  And higher dispensation.

—Household.

HEREDITY.

All censures are unmerited,
Our follies are inherited,
  Directly from our grandparents they came;
Our defects have been transmitted,
And we should be acquitted
  Of all responsibility and blame.

We are not depraved beginners,
But hereditary sinners,
  For our fathers never acted as they should;
'Tis the follies of our gran'pas
That continually hampers;
  What a pity that our gran'pas weren't good!

Yes, we'd all be reverend senators,
If our depraved progenitors
  Had all been prudent, studious and wise;
But they were quite terrestrial,
Or we would be celestial;
  Yes, we'd all be proper tenants for the skies.

If we're not all blameless sages,
And beacons to the ages,
  And fit for principalities and powers;
If we do not guide and man it,
And engineer the planet,
  'Tis the folly of our forefathers, not ours.

—Mildred Lancaster, in Home and Country.

MUCH AFFLICTED.

(DEDICATED TO JEROME K. JEROME.)

He had fits of epistaxis
And the weakest of thoraxes
  Ever since he had the measles and the mumps;
He was mad for weeks with rabies
And had seven years of scabies
  And dyspepsia kept him always in the dumps.

Weak eyes had he from iritis,
Back likewise from meningitis,
  And the latter scarcely left him any spine;
All the tumors from fibroma
To the deadliest sarcoma
  He had grown as thick as hops upon a vine.

Chronic case he had of ptosis
And symptoms of tuberculosis,
  And the action of his heart was out of rhythm;
He had numerous neuroses,
Inanitation and Chloroses,
  And from birth he'd ne'er been free from rheumatism.

He had falling of the hair, too,
All in short, that flesh is heir to,
  Every ailment in the calendar had he;
He had every kind of pain,
Toothache, bunions and migrane—
  Hold—I'm wrong. he never had the housemaid's knee.

—Exchange.

THE MICROBE FIEND.

O these doctors! Yes, these doctors
  Make me weary day by day
With their everlasting warnings
  That they swear we must obey.
Ah, microbia! microbia!
  Thou are a thing of fame;
But what crimes are now committed
  In thy inoffensive name!

With his microscope the health fiend,
  With most scientific care,
Goes a-guning for bacteria
  And finds them everywhere.
Yes, he bags them in the horse car,
  In the foyer and saloon;
The free lunches he calls "deadly
  As a corking day in June."

In the corner soda fountain,
  In the keg of foamy beer,
On the very nimble nickels
  That buys thirsty souls a cheer;
In our hats and shoes and pockets
  He finds snakes and bugs and things
That, when magnified, are monsters
  With ten thousand legs and wings.

O these doctors. Yes, these doctors!
It is then a fact most true
That, with all these warnings, men live
Longer then they used to do?
Nay! Our ancestors lived longer
In their ignorance sublime,
While these howling health fiends scare us
Half to death before our time.

—New York Herald.

THE DOCTOR'S PILL.

When a doctor makes a visit
To a house where one lies ill,
Oft he takes heroic measures.
Here we see his size of pill ☞●

But when, from hard work and exposure,
He finds his own health gone amiss,
And symptoms call for medication,
The doctor takes a dose like this ☞•

—Medical World.

VOICE FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

'Tis not generally known that up in the skies
St. Peter keeps tab on the cause of demise
That takes fellowman from this sad vale of tears.
But the fact still remains, when the mortal apears
A record is taken which could not be completer
And the whys and the wherefores are all known to
St. Peter.

Permit me to say at a primitive age
But one form of inscription filled page after page,
"Combats excepted" (after which a short pause is,)
"All deaths up to date are from natural causes,"
'Twas at a time when nature and man held alliance
Before the evolution of doctors and science.

"We found," said St. Peter, "the rate of the deceased,
Was in a direct ratio as the doctors increased."
Page after page was inscribed hyroglyphically;"
Which translated in English read "died scientifically;"
"And we found 'twas essential, as the poor mortals
died,
To increase this department, as M. D.'s multiplied."

Astonished to hear Peter make such admissions,
I inquired if he recorded the name of physicians?—
The hypothetical cause of the scientific effect.
But St. Peter avoided an answer direct,
And made answer by asking a question of me,
Which I had to admit I had been an M. D.

Then with much discretion he begged me excuse him,
If such records were kept they would not be amusing,
Especially my page would not occasion much mirth,
As 'twas known I had had a large practice on earth.
"But," continued St. Peter, "we lately discover
A new danger arising, greater far than all other."

Being anxious to learn of this new potency,
I made haste to inquire what this danger might be;
For though a spirit in space, try oft as I can,
I'm unable to forget my interest in man.
"I've observed," said St. Peter, "since its remote evolution,
The great danger to man is the crime substitution."

La Verne A. Barber, M. D., in the Medical Brief.

Pleasantville, Pa.

BUT HE CAN'T ADVERTISE.

A physician sits in his office chair,
And there broods on his face a look of care
While he groans and wails and tears at his hair.

"Alas! and alas! and alack!" he cries;
"Surely fame and fortune would both arise
If old Ethics would let me advertise.

At last a bright thought comes into his brain;
Says he: I must try that old racket, 'tis plain;
It worked O. K. once, and I'll work it again.

He wrote half a page on "The Evils of Pork,"
And the case of a man who swallowed a cork
And a spoon and a knife, but got stuck on a fork.

Told how he cured an imprudent fellow
Who swallowed entire a gingham umbrella.
And brought it intact from the patient's patella.

The newspapers all extended their thanks;
He opened accounts at the various banks;
He'd baited with Ethics and caught all the cranks.

—Chemist and Druggist.

TOOTHACHE.

Did you ever have the toothache
  Run you crazy, day and night,
Till you felt like you were spoiling
  For an old-style knock-down fight?

Was the tooth a full inch longer
  That it really should have been?
Did it make you think that "cussing"
  Hardly could be called a sin?

Did your coffee, hot, delicious,
  Knock you out in just one round?
When you took the tempting mouthful
  Did that molar give a bound?

Did your jaw break all to thunder,
  And your skull to pieces fly,
While you writhed in abject terror
  Lest another wrench it try?

Did you use a hot ash poultice
  Till you blistered all your jaw?
Or advised by some kind (?) neighbor—
  Fill your mouth with whiskey—raw?

GRAVE AND GAY.

Yes, you did, of course you did it,
And you'd do the same again;
Anything in all creation
To relieve the horrid pain!

Anything but just the right thing,
Just the plan you should pursue—
Go and have the tooth extracted.
"But that hurts too much," say you.

Yet at last you muster courage,
To the dentist's you repair,
But o' Scott! it stops its aching
Just before you reach the chair.

—L. N. Beeman in Medical Brief.

DEATH.

"There's nothing terrible in death;
'Tis but to cast our robes away,
And sleep at night without a breath
To break repose till dawn of day."

—Montgomery.

THE LEUCOCYTE'S LAMENT

We find the following verses in the March number of the Bristol Medico-chirurgical Journal.

The leucocyte was in a gland
With inflammation red,
He grasped a comrade by the hand
And with a sob he said:
"'Mid solitary follicles
I wend my weary way,
Deep down in crypts of Lieberkuhn
Far, far from light of day.
Alas! this aching nucleus
Can ne'er be free from pain,
While tissues hide my beauteous bride
I ne'er shall see again.
A rosy-red corpuscle she,
The pride of all the spleen.
Her like in this dark gland, I fear,
Will never more be seen.
A fierce bacillus captured her,
And reft her from my side;
Carbolic oil his plans did foil,
But ah! it slew my bride.
With pseudopodia feebly bent
And bowed down nucleus, I
Must turn to pus."—And, speaking thus,
He wandered forth to die.
Oh, lightly they'll talk of that leucocyte true
As they label and mount and degrade him,
But little he'll reck, when with aniline blue
They've stained and in Canada laid him.

THERMOGENICS.

To the tune of Wing Tee Wee, with apologies to Mr. Tarbell

The M. V. M. Association,
A clan of M. D.'s bold,
With their wives and friends by invitation,
Did, like knights of old,
Rally to the Ouachita,
And thereof one might a tale unfold.
Yes, sah! Ha, ha! 'Rah, 'rah? Whoop-la!

Yes, if I list, too much discover,
Of love and his pranks galore;
For Cupid and Venus 'round the place do hover,
And many are their victims sore.
But a balm is found upon the spot
In the healing waters from the hills that pour
Red-hot! Sure shot! Jack-pot! Great Scott!

Oh, classic ground is "The Vale of Vapors,"
Where the nymphae their heads ne'er hide;
Here Mercury cuts peculiar capers,
And Hygeia doth abide—
I'm sure, for Holland told me so
And 'twas here, they say, that Io died.
So, so! Io! Lie low! Heigh-ho!

Our one-score meet was a true ovation,
Delightful to all, I trow;
For, aside from the feasting and potation,

We've added to the things we know;
But best of all were the folks down thah,
Whose hearts are as warm as their H. O.
Oh-Ah! Sweet Spa! Ark'nsah! Ta, ta!

C. H. Beard.

Chicago, Dec. 1, 1894.

MEDICINE.

All hail! to medicine, art most divine:
Revered in this, and every clime.

More sought and prized that all on earth;
Muses have sung thy praises since early birth.

With all thy failures in pursuit of truth,
And dogmas dangerous and ruth:

Yet still thy aid and smiles are courted ever,
When mortals fear the chill of death's cold river.

Thy presence calms, and soothes hysteria's spasms,
And fills up hypocondria's awful chasms.

Calm sleep to maniac's tortured brain is given;
With votaries of Bacchus, by "mania-a-potu" riven.

Jove AEsculapius, to thee mankind shall bow,
And reverently, and lovingly will vow.

To worship thee as all supreme, to soothe their pains,
Restoring back to man again his health and active brains.

Legion are the means at thy command,
In every tongue, and every land.

Philosophy, and science own their sway;
Vaster thy curriculum from day to day.

Why should thy servants differ so,
As in thy paths, they strive to go?

Is big or little pill the best, or don't it matter,
If by either, or by both, fell disease they scatter?

Just please explain, while soothing pain,
Why some use opiates, their point to gain;

With blisters, lancets, hypodermics many;
While others cure their patients without any?

Is contraria the ne plus ultra mode of cure,
Or similia, the way to make it sure?

Why make worse before made better;
Why not at first unbind the fetter?

Most gracious god of Medicine please say
Which is the proper, safe, and better way:

To dose the patient with compound cathartic pills,
Or give him lacto attenuates, that cure his ills?

Does nature cure the sick of Hom. M. D.'s,
And leave the Alls., to death's decrees?

Should differentiation be in pathy;
What makes the old school men so wrathy.

When similia's claim is based on science,
On which to stand, with undisturbed reliance?

Whether it be pathy, or the man that saves:
There is a difference in their new-made graves;

As per capita, the public records show.
Between the old school and the new, as all who wish
may know.

Why the difference in the mortuary table:
Are the twenty-seven in the hundred lost by Allopaths a fable;

Or the nine per cent. of loss of Homeopaths too tame
When ailments treated are the same?

Statistics claim that both are true:
We leave this pathy matter all to you,

Hoping wisdom unto all you'll give
To heal, that unto old age, all may live,

Let thy mantle fall on those who save
The most from filling an early grave.

Teach all to use the means that's sure,
To bring about a safe and speedy cure.

Make scientific cures, thy servants whole desire;
Hurl dogmas to perdition and eternal fire!

—From the Homoeopathic New.

THE PNEUMOGASTRIC NERVE.

Upon an average, twice a week,
When anguish clouds my brow,
My good physician friend I seek
To know "what ails me now."
He taps me on the back and chest
And scans my tongue for bile,
And lays an ear against by breast,
And listens there awhile.
Then he is ready to admit
That all he can observe
Is something wrong inside, to wit—
My pneumogastric nerve.

Now when these Latin names within
Dyspeptic hulks like mine
Go wrong, a fellow should begin
To draw what's called the line.
It seems, however, that this same,
Which in my hulk abounds,
Is not, despite its awful name,
So fatal as it sounds;
Yet of all torments known to me,
I'll say without reserve,
There is no torment like to thee,
Thou pneumogastric nerve!

This subtle, envious nerve appears
To be a patient foe—
It waited nearly forty years
Its chance to lay me low;
Then like some blithering blast of hell
It struck the guileless bard,
And in that evil hour I fell
Prodigious far and hard.
Alas! what things I dearly love—
Pies, puddings and preserves—
Are sure to rouse the vengeance of
All pneumogastric nerves.

Oh, that I could remodel man!
I'd end these awful pains
By hitting on a different plan
From that which now obtains,
The stomach, greatly amplified,
Anon should occupy
The all of that domain inside
Where heart and lungs now lie;
But first of all I should depose
That diabolic curve,
And author of my thousand woes,
The pneumogastric nerve.

—Eugene Field in Journal of Practical Medicine.

A VICTIM OF DELUSION.

Placid I am, content, serene,
I take my slab of gypsum bread,
And chunks of oleomargarine
Upon its tasteless sides I spread.

The egg I eat was never laid
By any cackling, feathered hen;
But from the Lord knows what 't is made
In Newark by unfeathered men.

I wash my simple breakfast down
With fragrant chicory so cheap;
Or with the best black tea in town
Dried willow leaves—I calmly steep.

But if from man's vile arts I flee
And drink pure water from the pump,
I gulp down infusoriae,
And hideous rotatoriae,
And wriggling polygastricae,
And slimy diatomaceae,
And hard-shelled orphryocercinae,
And double-barreled kolpodae,
Non-loricated ambroeilae,
And various animalaculae,
Of middle, high, and low degree
For nature just beats all creation
In multiplied adulteration.

—Popular Science.

PREMEDITATED SUICIDE.

BY PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHERS.

I ask a glass of water, or of claret, or of beer;
I go to kiss a pretty maid—she turns away with fear;
I eat some lemon jelly that's been standing on the sill;
And they tell me all are loaded—warranted to kill.

I put a pencil to my lips; I gulp down pounds of air.
I visit all the cattle at the Wayback County Fair;
I buy a paper of a boy, and handle dollar bills;
And they tell me every one of these has that on it which kills.

I'm not much up in science, but I know a thing or two'
I know that if I do not eat or drink or kiss a few
Of these fashionable, dreadful germs, I certainly will die;
For I'd have to give up breathing to escape the bacilli.

Bacteria, Bacteria! I'm not afraid of you!
The world will roll around the sun for all that you can do.
So on dollars and on papers and on kisses and on food,
Just hand me common bacilli—I'n not a science dude.

And what's the use of living if you cannot eat or drink,
If pretty girls and dollar bills, and even printer's ink,
And country fairs and pencils are only other terms
For the rapid transit system of the scientific germs.

—Judge.

THE PILES.

The following lines were written by a patient of Dr. Edmund Pough, of San Francisco, whom the Doctor afterwards cured of his hemorrhoids:

The Piles! Aha! I know them well,
  Each feature, tho' I may not see 'em.
Old foes which fume and fret and swell
  And vex and plague my perineum.

You blush at mention of a pile,
  And would, perhaps, the theme avoid.
Well, then, suppose, to put on style
  We call the thing a hemorrhoid.

Tho' having an ill-omened name,
  It seemed as if they might not pain us
When first as visitors they came
  And took up lodging in the anus.

But now at each succeeding bout
  The plagued pains appear distincter,
And there can be no longer doubt
  Of their relations with the sphincter.

You ask me by what obvious sign
  One may with certainty detect them.
Well, I can only say that mine
  Are like a hornet in the rectum.

Which, having wandered from the way,
  And angry at the situation,
Stings right and left while it may
  And tortures one in defecation.

Avaunt! It is a vulgar rhyme,
  Yet stay, there must be means to cure 'em.
Oh, yes, if you but give them time
  And very patiently endure 'em.

There are a thousand cures, you know,
  All certain sure as dead-shot candy;
'Tis well to buy a score or so
  And lay them by to have them handy.

And when the hornet's rage is spent
  And things asume their wonted quiet,
The cure, tho' it may not prevent,
  Will surely quell the painful riot.

HE FOUND HIS LIVER.

He found he had a liver—just by accident, one day,
And life grew blank and lonely, and he was heard to say
That marriage was a failure and life an empty dream,
That hopes and high ambitions were far from what they seem;
While endless strife and struggles to gain a distant goal
Was like reaching after moonbeams that would ever further roll,
A foolish, fond delusion—these words he was heard to say
When the doctor introduced him to his liver one bright day!
He found he had a liver and the sun refused to shine,
And, drinkless and cigarless, he was forced to peak and pine;
The earth was overclouded and the sky no more was blue;
Though all else round about him seemed of that cerulean hue;
And there was no fun in living—even existence seemed a bore—
Why did foolish poets sing of it in old and modern lore?
Did not youth's illusions vanish, just as summer roses fade?
This was after the acquaintance with his liver had been made.

He had always known his liver was located somewhere near,
He had read a lot about it during many a colege year;
But an intimate relationship quite different became,
After that unhappy meeting he never was the same,
He forsook his wife and children and left his happy home,
And started on a pilgrimage about the world to roam;
And he got him to a monkery and donned a cowl of gray
Just because he found his liver accidentally one day!

—New York Herald.

INCONSISTENT.

He's very fond of chemistry.
At this he's called "as fine as silk."
And yet he hates to rise at four
To sterilize the baby's milk!

—Harper's Bazar.

OUR MODERN WOES.

Oh, deep and learned doctors, can you not permit us pray,
To have old-fashioned ailments in a good old-fashioned way?
The language you employ's designed to take away one's breath;
Your terms are quite enough to frighten timid folks to death.

Our good old grandmas never dreamed of dreadful things we see,
But pinned their blind and simple faith to herbs and boneset tea;
They never guessed that when their friends from earth were called away
'Twas all because of microbes and the dread bacteria.

'Twas well they never ran across these later fearful germs,
Nor ever had to look upon these brand new-fangled terms.
Those days a patient never guessed of what was just inside,
And that is why no more of them turned up their toes and died.

But now we realize that we are one great seething
mass
Of awful animalculae that scare us till, alas!
The thought is fatal, and beneath a cold, white stone
we're lain,
With scores of others who have died of microbes of
the brain.

—Chicago Journal.

THE DOCTOR'S REVERY

"Charge, Chester, Charge! On, Stanley, on!"
Was, once, a battle cry,
But now it is "Charge, doctor, charge!
Oh, save us or we die!

So to combat all human ills,
Relieved our patients; did our best;
Soothed their woes and gave them rest.
We rode all day and most all night;
Fought demon ills with all our might;
Went without food and without sleep,
And with the sorrowing did weep.

The contest is o'er. The storm is past.
Few have fallen in the blast.
Those who survived and are well
Wonders of the doctor tell.
His fame is spread from door to door,
And what doctor could want more?

The table, then, to us, was turned;
We wanted money—what we earned—
Like honest folks to pay our bills,
Food, raiment, rent, drugs and pills,
Making cheerful our life,
Our children, dear, and anxious wife.

Then with our bills we went a dunning,
From door to door we went a running.
From few, we got a little cash,
From others, treatment very rash—
Were told to come some other day,
And when we called they skulked away,
Or faced faced us with some cunning wile ,
To stay us for another while.
We turned, aggrieved, and left their door
Feeling that we'd not treat them more;
But we forgave and buried the past
And have them, poor fellows, to treat at last.

—G. B. Noyes, M. D., in the Medical World.

MODERN MEDICINE.

Courtesy of Messrs. Keppler & Schwarzman, publishers of Puck.

First they pumped him full of virus from some mediocre cow,
Lest the small-pox might assail him, and leave pit-marks on his brow;
Then one day a bull-dog bit him—he was gunning down at Quogue—
And they filled his veins in Paris with an extract of mad-dog;
Then he caught tuberculosis, so they took him to Berlin,
And injected half a gallon of bacilli into him,
Well, his friends were delighted at the quickness of the cure,
Till he caught the typhoid fever, and speedy death was sure;
Then the doctors with some sewage did inoculate a hen,
And injected half its gastric juice into his abdomen;
But as soon as he recovered, as, of course, he had to do,
Then came a rattlesnake and bit his thumb in two;
Once again his veins were opened to receive about a gill
Of some serpertine solution with the venom in it still.
To prepare him for a voyage in the Asiatic sea,
New blood was pumped into him from a leprous old Chinee;
Soon his appetite had vanished, and he could not eat at all,

So the virus of dyspepsia was injected in the fall;
But his blood was so diluted by the remedies he'd taken
That one day he laid him down and died, and never did awaken;
With the Brown-Sequard elixir, though they tried re-susciation,
He never showed a symptom of reviving animation,
Yet his doctor still could save him he persistently maintains,
If he could only inject a little life into his veins.

—Puck.

MICROBE.

While on bed of pain I languished, groaning with protracted anguish,
I recall the quiant and curious theory of medical lore;
How that all life's aches and spasms, pains that come like cataclysms,
Are produced by "germs mysterious, and when we are smitten sore
Doctor smiles and gravely tells us, as his wisdom we implore,
"'Tis the microbe, nothing more."

Only microbe little varmit! Surely there can be no harm in't;
Such a pretty foe no mortal ere was known to dread before,
He is small but he is mighty, very small but very bitey;
And with desperate industry he makes up his little score,
Marking every "run" with life blood, laying up misery in store—
Only microbes, nothing more!
Now the little wretch has found me, in his coils has wound and bound me;
I'm as helpless as a baby, mind as blank as big barn door.
I am quaking, aching, shaking, while the ruthless germs are making
Havoc of brain, nerve, and tissue; naught will sate but human gore.
Get thee hence, thou vile man eater, to the night's Plutonian shore!
Quoth the microbe, "Nevermore!"
And the microbe, ne'er withdrawing, still is gnawing, still is gnawing,
At each vital part within me to the very marrow's core
Oh, from this bacilli evil, from this microscopic devil,
From the ever-present torment of this microbean bore,
Shall my poor corporeal system, suffering now at every pore,
Be delivered nevermore?

—G. W. Leffingwell, in The Sanitarian.

THEY DID.

There was once an examiner—I've heard tell—
There was! there was!
Who declined every case that to him fell —
But pause; O, pause!
They all had consumption—there was no hope
Till they found a big fly in his stethoscope;
The company "fired" that doctor, I hope.

—N. Y. Med. Examiner.

CHUTMUCKS.

Read at the Hot Spring meeting of the M. V. M. A.

"Here is the first sausage:

Long-whiskered Xenophen one night did stray
Where brother doctors joined in play.
To help them out he took a hand,
But, oh, they proved a caitiff band.

There was 'Garnett, the gouty, and Bernays, the slasher,
Ex-Vandyke Woodburn, and Carl Reed, the masher,
Daly, the fisherman, Matthews, the witty,
And Hughes, with his profile so classic and pretty—

And they raised, bluffed, cross-lifted and bet,
'Til Xenophen began to sweat,
And feared to shift his gaze a minute,
Lest he should find he wasn't in it.

The night wore on, 'til, tired of play,
The party took their homeward way,
X. going to his better half
In such a plight she could but laugh.

His breezy beard, once her delight,
Was now, alas, a dreadful sight;
Cigar stumps, ashes, chunks of pie,
All clotted in its curls did lie.

"Were there no cuspidores?" she said,
"And could you not have turned your head?"
The doctor met her gaze and sighed,
"Not in that crowd," he sad replied.

"I am instructed to call the next link, 'Thoughts on Love.' It is dedicated to our versatile and popular Toastmaster.

His talk is like a stream which runs
With rapid change from rocks to roses,
It slips from ponderous thoughts to puns.
It takes in Brown-Sequard—and Moses.

Beginning with the rules which keep
The ladies in their regular courses,
And ending with some counsel deep
On divers ways of purging horses.

"The local fraternity are remembered in this wise:

At the Hot Springs Medical Society,
  Twenty doctors together,
Blowing with sad lack of piety
  Thro' wonderful lungs of leather,
Wild was the hullabaloo,
They shouted, they screamed, they crew,
As if every mother's son was fu'—
  Twenty doctors together.

Each member mad with ire
Jumps up with fierce desire,
And blowing hard, with flourish and squeak,
Begins his blatant tirade to speak.
Tearing around the room they go,
Twenty doctors all in a row,
  Totally void of sobriety.
Each one's hand against his brother,
No respect for one another,
Wrangling just like every other
  Medical Society.

"Tom" wrote me not to mention him, so I will only say:

About Tom Holland (may his gall decrease)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And there, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
Sat Venus, writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding nerve had made the doctor bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised her head
And answered, with a look almost divine:
"The names of those who worship at my shrine."
"And is mine one," said Thomas. "Nay, not so."
Responded Venus. The doctor spoke more low,
But cheekily still, and said; "I'd like to bet
That ere a year goes by I'll make that record sweat."
The Goddess wrote and vanished. The next year
Again beside his couch did she apear,
And showed the list of those worshipped best,
And lo! Tom Holland's name led all the rest.

—One of Them.

THE MORNING VISIT.

By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

A sick man's chamber, though it often boasts
The grateful presence or a literal toast,
Can hardly claim amidst its varied wealth
The right, unchallenged, to propose a health.
Yet though its tenant is denied the feast,
Friendship must launch his sentiment at least,
As 'prisoned damsels locked from lover's lips
Toss them a kiss from off their finger tips:—

The morning visit; not till sickness falls
In the charmed circle of your own safe walls,
Till fever's throb, and pain's relentless rack,
Stretch you all helpless on your aching back—
Not till you play the patient in your turn
The morning visit's mystery you learn.
'Tis a small matter in your neighbor's case
To charge your fee for showing him your face;
You skip up stairs, inquire, inspect and touch,
Prescribe, take leave, and off to twenty such.
But when, at last, by Fate's transferred decree,
The visitor becomes the visitee—
O, then indeed it pulls another string,
Your ox is gored, and that's another thing.
Your friend is sick—phlegmatic as a Turk
You write your recipe and let it work;

Not yours to stand the shiver and the frown
(And sometimes worse) with which your draught
goes down.
Calm as a clock, your knowing hand directs,
"Rhei, jalapas—ana grana sex,"
Or traces on some tender missive's back,
"Scrupulos duos—pulverses ipecac,"
And leaves your patient to his pains and gripes,
Cool as a sportsman banging at his snipes.
But, change the time, the person, and the place,
And be yourself the "interesting case,"
You'll gain some knowledge which it's well to learn—
In future practice it may serve your turn.
Leeches, for instance (pleasing creatures, quite)—
Try them, and, bless you! don't you find they bite?
You raise a blister for the slightest cause;
But be yourself the great sublime it draws,
And, trust my statement, you will not deny
That worst of draughtsmen is the Spanish fly,
It's mighty easy ordering when you please
"Infusum sennas capiat uncias tres."
It's mighty different when you guzzle down
Your own three ounces of the liquid brown.
"Pilulae"—"pulveres"—pleasant sounds enough,
When other jaws receive the shocking stuff;
But, oh, what flattery can disguise the groan
That meets the gulp that sends it through your own;
Be gentle, then; though Art's inspiring rules
Give you the handling of her sharpest tools,

Use them not rashly—sickness is enough.
Be always "ready" but be never "rough."
Of all the ills that suffering man endures,
The largest fraction liberal Nature cures;
Of those remaining 'tis the smallest part
Yields to the efforts of judicious Art.
But simple kindness—kneeling by the bed
To shift the pillow for the sick man's head,
To give the draught that cools the lips that burn,
To fan the brow, the weary frame to turn—
Kindness untutored by our grave M. D.'s,
But Nature's graduate, whom she schools to please—
Wins back more sufferers with her voice and smile
Than all all the trumpery in the druggist's pile.
Once more—be quite coming up the stair;
Don't be a plantigrade—a human bear—
But stealing softly on the silent toe
Reach the sick chamber, ere you're heard below;
Whatever changes there mav meet your eyes,
Let not your looks proclaim the least surprise;
It's not your business by your face to show
All that your patient doesn't wish to know.
Nay—use your optics with considerate care,
And don't abuse your privilege to stare.
But if your eyes should probe him overmuch,
Beware still further how you rudely touch;
Don't clutch his carpus in your icy fist,
But warm your fingers ere you take the wrist.
If the poor victim needs must be percussed,

Don't make an anvil of your patient's bust.
Doctors exist, within a hundred miles,
Who thump a thorax as they'd hammer piles.
If you must listen to his doubtful chest,
Catch the essentials and ignore the rest.
Spare him—the sufferer wants of you and art
A track to steer by—not a finished chart.
So if your questions—don't, in mercy, try
To pump your patient absolutely dry.
He's not a mollusk squirming in the dish;
You're not Agassiz—and he's not a fish.
And last, not least, in each perplexing case,
Learn the sweet magic of a cheerful face,
Not always smiling—but at least serene;
When grief and anguish cloud the anxious scene,
Each look, each movement, every word and tone
Should tell the patient you are all his own,
Not the mere artist—purchased to attend—
But the warm, ready, self-forgetting friend—
Whose genial visit in itself combines
The best of tonics, cordial, anodynes.
Such is the visit that from day to day
Shed's o'er my chambers its benignant ray.
I give him health who never cared to claim
Her babling homeage from the tongue of Fame.
Unmoved by praise, he stands by all confessed
The truest, noblest, wisest, kindest, best.

From Household Edition of Holmes by permission of the publisher.

THE SKULL.

"Behold this ruin! 'twas a skull,
Once of ethereal spirit full;
This narrow cell was life's retreat,
This space was thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot,
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor hope, nor joy, love nor fear,
Have left one trace or record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy,
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void.
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dew of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright,
When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue.
If falsehod's honey is disdained,
And when it could not praise, was chained,
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke;
That silent tongue shall plead for thee,
When time unvails eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
Or with the envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock or wear the gem
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on wealth or fame.

Avails it, whether bare or shod,
These feet the depth of duty trod?
If from the halls of ease they fled
To seek affliction's humble shed,
If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to virtue's cot returned,
These feet with angels' wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky."

—Anonymous.

A DISAPPOINTED DOCTOR.

A streak of hard luck with difficult cases—
Up every night 'till daylight or so,
Narry a smile on the sorrowful faces;
All in distress wherever I go.
Money not thought of; never can get it —
Rents overdue, and medicine bills
Brought by a man who tries to collect it,
And thinks I get rich by "peddling pills."
Then restlesness conquers my quiet cerebrum.
The fidgets get into my once quiet back,
And nothing at all will ever relieve 'em
Or help in the least this fearful attack.
Confounded luck—seems always "agin" me;
Just when I'm going I'm put to a stop,
The schemes I have lauded for sheckles to win me
Are all at the bottom instead of the top.
A firm resolution a thousand times stated
Cracks like a crystal with one little stroke.
The devilish hook, so brilliantly baited,
Looks like a myth and sounds like a joke;
Again I will try it, look wise and attentive
To business forever each movement I'll give;
Evolving a scheme from noddle inventive
To buy enough bread, sufficient to live—
And then, if rewarded like on former occasions,
I'll fill myself up on comforting booge;
From the free counter I'll gather my rations—
With nothing ahead, I'll have nothing loose.

—The General Practitioner.

THE SEVEN AGES OF DOCTORS

Physic's all a stage,
And the surgeons and physicians only players.
They have their pathies, and consultations;
But doctors in these times play many parts
Their acts being seven ages. At first the student,
Reading and dissecting through his college years;
And then the trembling senior with his shirt cuffs
Scrib'd, approaching his examinations,
'Fraid of getting plucked. Then the Alumnus,
Pompous as a pea-cock, by his new diploma,
Licensed to dose the public. Then the patent.
Medicine endorser, vaunting his appelation
In the papers, and bragging over cures wrought by
His bitter tasting nostrums
Even o'er the coffin's lid. Next the professor,
With special practice, and his pockets filled;
On quacks severe, praising the ancient code,
Yet stealing patients from the younger men,
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the superanuated leech,
With colcoynth and squill and whisky sweets;
His filthy drugs, long prescribed, a world too vile,
For modern ills. His foul griping purge,
Rumbling round in one's sore intestines tells
That he's behind the times. Last scene of all,
He turns to take his own disgusting remedies,
Proving he's neither taste, nor smell, nor sight,
Nor anything.

—R. C.Blackner, M. D., in the Gen. Practitioner.

YE MICROBE.

Your microbe meets me everywhere;
  No chink, nor crevice, brain nor bone,
But he has seized, and revels there—
  A king of undisputed throne.
Around my porridge bowl he skips;
  My ham is honeycombed all through;
He whets his fange and smacks his lips,
  When smelling at my Irish stew.

I heed not thee; some nobler things
  Than steak or trout or sausage balls
Cool Science to the devil flings
  And leaves us but the empty stalls
Where Peace and Plenty sold their doves
  And white-robed Innocence lies slain
Where friendship's tears, nor boyhood loves,
  Shall ever make us fools again!

We thought, as well! what matter how
  We thought or felt, in part or whole,
Since Right or Wrong or Conscience now
  Is but some microbe in the soul!
We thought that strain from viol or lute,
  Were spirit notes of higher things.
Alas! 'twas but some gay galoot,
  That kicked and hopped among the strings

Oh, leave me; Science, let me sleep
And turn my face unto the wall;
I've nothing now to guard or keep,
You've left me bankrupt, take all."

Canadian Magazine.

"QUACKS."

The Brittish Medical Journal quotes from the Pall Mall Gazette the following supposed correspondence between Lady Morgan and the late Dr. Jenner:

"I've despatched, dear Lady Morgan, this scrap of a letter
To say that Miss Charlotte is certainly better.
A regular doctor no longer she lacks,
And therefore I've sent her a couple of quacks."

(With the note came a couple of wild ducks.)

Lady Morgan's reply:

"Yes, 'twas politic truly, my very good friend,
Thus a couple of quacks your patients to send,
Since there's nothing so likely as quacks, it is plain,
To make work for a regular doctor again."

AUNTIE SEPTIC.

Once upon a midnight cheery, at his work and never weary,
Sang that happy little microbe who toremnts the editor.
Suddenly there came a tapping, as of some one softly rapping,
Seeking for admittance gently, softly tapping o'er and o'er,
And the microbe smiled complacent,
"'Tis my friend and fellow-bore,
Tapping at the chamber door."

But there stood within the portal such a form as any mortal
Would have gazed on with delight, and hug unto his bosom's core;
Then the naughty microbe started, and his valor quick departed.
"Who are you?" he cried in terror.
"Tell me, tell me, I implore!"
"Ah, I am your Auntie Septic, whom you never met before—
Merely this, and nothing more."

Then this little microbe faltered, and his joyous mien it altered,
As he felt determination in his Auntie's grasp full sore;
And he said with agitation, "Can't I seek another station

Where I may pursue my studies, and all the mysteries explore?"
But his Auntie as she clasped him, even closer than before,
Gently murmured, "Nevermore!"

PASTEUR—IN MEMORIAM.

Heroic deeds to benefit mankind
Will live forever, acts of science find
A lasting record, in history a place,
As benefactors of our mortal race,
To stamp the virulence of dread disease,
And by experiments our ills appease,
Jenner, the first to risk a life so true
Has robbed the smallpox of its deadliest hue,
Now Pasteur's gone, let's honor well his name,
Illustrious scientist, whose glorious fame
And deeds of brav'y known to all the world.
The rabid virus from its throne he hurled.
Both poor and rich repaired from far and near.
To have his treatment; he allayed all fear.
O! may his deeds be crowned with victory.
He risked his life to save humanity.

FORBES WINSLOW, D. C. L., Oxon.

Westminister Hotel, Sept. 29, 1895.

—N. Y. Herald.

ATTAR OF ATAVISM—BEFORE A GROUP OF FAMILY MINIATURES.

COTSFORD DICK.

Progenitors of mine,
As I stand before your shrine,
Of thanks I will not hum you any hymns,
For it cannot be denied,
Without prejudice of pride,
I'm the essence of your weakness and whims.

Oh, grandsire, when you
Your system did bedew
With Madeira, did you never give a thought
To what stress of lemon squashes,
And saline and soda washes,
I, through gouty diagnosis, should be brought?

Great grandma, your taste
In porcelain and paste,
Which never by your prudence was repressed,
May have been pour quelque chose
Your scion to dispose
To extravagance in living, and the rest.

Oh, peevish dame and pale,
With fan and farthingale,
Sure the vials of your vapors I've unsealed,
In your milieu so exotic
And your humours so neurotic
Are the sources of my decadence revealed.

Prithee, had not you, sir knight,
Of complexion pink and white,
A very pretty power in your face
For fluttering the lives
Of other people's wives?
Now I wonder have I got that special grace?

To cut my burden short,
It is rather rough to thwart
A soul that would propriety pursue.
When I want to be a saint,
Says Hereditary Taint,
'Better do a little sinning," and I do!

—London World.

HAD THE WRONG DOCTOR.

Alas, old Dr. Brown has left
This land of woes and ills,
We miss his face about the town
We miss his salves and pills.
He had a light case of the grip,
A slight cold in his head,
He took a dose ot deadly drugs,
And now the old boy's dead.
Yet 'twas no suicide's wild act
That laid him on the shelf;
He simply tried that grand old gag,
"Physician, cure thyself."

—Life.

THE LITTLE PEACH.

A little peach in the orchard grew—
A little peach of emerald hue;
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew,
It grew.

One day, passing that orchard through,
That little peach dawned on the view
Of Johnny Jones and his sister Sue—
Them two.

Up at that peach a club they threw—
Down from that stem on which it grew
Fell that peach of emerald hue.
Mon Dieu !

John took a bite and Sue a chew,
And then the trouble began to brew—
Trouble the doctor couldn't subdue.
Too true!

Under the turf where the daisies grew
They planted John and his sister Sue,
And their little souls to the angels flew—
Boo hoo!

What of the peach of the emerald hue,
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew?
Ah, well, its mission on earth is through.
Adieu.

—New York World.

THE POPULAR GAME.

"The foot ball season now is here;
The doctor's fees already piling
The undertaker takes his bier,
The artificial limb man's smiling."

THE NEW YORK WAY.

"When an enemy you wish to kill,
Don't hire assassins full of vice,
But call two doctors of great skill,
To give contrary advice."

NOW. 1895.

If a body meet a body
Coming through the rye,
Can't a body kiss a body,
For fear of bacilli?

—Am. Analyst.

ACCORDING TO SCIENCE.

There was a man in our town
(His name my memory slips)
Who kised ten thousand microbes
Off his sweetheart's ruby lips.
And when he found what he had done
With all his might and main
He rushed up there another night
And kissed them on again.

—From Puck.

A SUGGESTION.

The doctors are now in distress,
  Because of the objection
Made by the people and the press
  To wholesale vivisection.
But it would lose, I much suspect,
  A host of the objectors,
If science would but vivisect
  Some of the vivisectors.

UP TO DATE.

Look out for
Kyphosis bicyclistarum
  It is a bend in your spine
  Which eight times in nine
Will give you a whole lot of trouble;
  If you wish to prevent
  This bicycle bent,
Don't sit on your wheel in a double.
Look out for
Kyphosis bicyclistarum.

—Detroit Free Press.

THE DOCTOR.

"In love he practiced, and in patience taught,
  The sacred art that battles with disease;
Nor stained by one disloyal act or thought,
  The holy symbol of Hippocrates."

HAS IT COME TO THIS?

We have boiled the hydrant water;
  We have sterilized the milk;
We have strained the prowling microbe
  Through the finest kind of silk;
We have bought and we have borrowed
  Every patent health device,
And at last the doctors tell us
  That we've got to boil the ice.

—Chicago Record.

THE MEDICATED KISS.

Jenny kissed me when we met—
  Not as one we osculated;
Leaving doubt and vain regret;
  Jenny's lips were medicated!
So! the romance fades away —
  Love has lost his dearest blisses;
Ruined is the rose of May
  With these chilly, drug store kisses!

—Atlanta Constitution.

TO A SCIENTIST.

Microbes in the kiss you say!
  Right you are, my boy,
Little germs of purest bliss,
  Bacilli of joy.

THE ONLY ESCAPE.

He read that germs were in his food,
  That microbes filled all clothing;
That water held a deadly brood,
  So turned from it with loathing;
Bacilli hid in beauty's lips
  Were wafted on each breath;
And, having scanned these various tips,
  He gladly welcomed death.

—San Francisco Examiner.

AN EPITAPH.

A Tombstone in Burlington, Ia., has this stanza:

Beneath this stone our baby lays,
  He neither cries nor hollers;
He lived just one and twenty days
  And cost us forty dollars.

THE GRIP BACILLUS.

You my choke me off with quinine,
You may frighten me with squills,
You may try to overcome me
With your tonics and your pills;
But I'm stronger than you doctors,
Though for miles extend their fame;
I'm a little "grip" bacillus—
And I get there just the same.

—Cincinnati Medical Journal

UPON A CRUTCH.

Upon a crutch, her girlish face
Alight with love and tender grace—
Laughing, she limps from place to place,
Upon a crutch.

And you and I, who journey through
A rose-leaf world of dawn and dew,
We cry to heaven overmuch.

We rail and frown at fate, while she
And many more in agony,
Are brave and patient, strong and true,
Upon a crutch.

—**Exchange.**

THE SONG OF THE GIRDNER TELEPHONE BULLET PROBE.

After the "shootin's over.
After the scrap is done,
After the "Dago's" punctured,
After the cowboy's fun (?)
Many's the gun "not loaded,"
I can attend to all;
Merrily I will meander
After the Ball.

—S. Morris Connant in Medical Record.

TWO EPITAPHS.

How is this for an epitaph, which is said to be on a tombstone in a cemetery in Lincolnshire, England:

"Here lies the body of Johnny dear,
Snatched away by the diarrhoea."—Ex.

There s nothing whatsoever the matter with that epitaph; it places the blame of the "snatching" to the proper cause. But the following, taken from a tombstone in a burying-ground at Hoosic Falls, New York, is simply harrowing to a medical as well as to a poetic mind:

"Her body dissected by fiendish men,
Her bones anatomized;
Her soul we trust has risen to God,
Where no physicians rise."

AESOP TO DATE.

One views these things, said Br'er Fox,
According as his light is.
I do not doubt those grapes are sweet,
But I fear appendicitis.

—Chicago Daily News.

WHAT PHYSICIANS SAY.

The heart bowed down by weight of woe,
The eyes that weep, the lips that quiver,
Are often largely due, we know,
To torpid liver.

—Washington Star.

THREE FACES.

"Three faces wears the doctor—
When first sought, an angel is
A god, the cure half wrought;
But when the cure complete he seeks his fee,
The very devil looks less fierce than he."

LOW TARIFF

The cost of drugs and medicines
Are having such a fall,
Cut prices will bring sickness
Within reach of all.

—N. O. Medical & Surgical Journal.

THE

MEDICAL MUSE

GRAVE AND GAY.

A COLLECTION OF RHYMES UP TO DATE, BY THE DOCTOR, FOR THE DOCTOR, AND AGAINST THE DOCTOR,

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